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LITERATURE.

The Lover's Tale. By Alfred Tennyson. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE poem here presented to us by the Laureate is one which was composed in his nineteenth year, and which has therefore been in existence for more than half-a-century. In the chronological series of his works it should be placed between the anonymous Louth volume of 1827 and the *Timbuctoo* of 1829, and it is in many respects more worthy of preservation than either. It was not included in the collection of 1832, but was destined to appear alone, as it does now, in 1833. It was, in fact, printed for that purpose, but withdrawn from the press, as the author says, "without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor." A friend, however, preserved some of these imperfect proofs, and the poem has "of late been mercilessly pirated." Mr. Tennyson has, therefore, deemed it wise to reproduce the two parts already known to surreptitious readers, with the addition of a third, written long ago but not sent to press, and of a fourth, known to all readers of poetry as the *Golden Supper*, published in 1869.

We cannot be too glad that the *Lover's Tale* has escaped all the dangers of these fifty years, and has arrived at last to show us by what steps our incomparable poet rose into the first grade of his maturity. Perhaps a more perfect poem, written a few years later, would have been less welcome than this, in which the very blemishes have a singular interest for us through the light they throw upon the progress of their author's mind. Especially interesting is the proof they give of the mastery held over the style of Tennyson at that moment by Shelley, a mastery that would have left little or no mark in literature but for this poem, in the first part of which the recent reading of *Epipsychidion* has frequently seduced the young poet aside from his own more characteristic language. This influence was soon to fade before the much more powerful one of Keats, the one poet antecedent to Tennyson to whom the latter has at any time stood distinctly in the relation of a disciple. But there is yet but very little of Keats in the music or imagery of the *Lover's Tale*.

Let us confess that the style of this juvenile poem is at times confused, grandiloquent, overheated; when we have said all this and more, there remains the undeniable fact that, with all its author's noble and versatile work before us, we can still turn with

pleasure, and even enthusiasm, to this his first serious production, and trace in it, above all merely imitative strains, his own individual voice. The subject is one worthy to occupy the attention of genius in its extreme youth; it is simply the despotic thralldom of a love which nature, circumstance, temperament, and beauty combine to make irresistible. Julian, the hero, has been brought up with Camilla, his cousin, from earliest infancy. They were born on the same day, almost the same hour; they were subjected at the outset to a like bereavement; they have seldom been parted for more than a few hours. In the intensity of their sympathy, a certain bay, a certain mountain, neighbouring on their common home, have a part in all their hopes and wishes. One day, when they are man and woman, Julian takes Camilla to the summit of this mountain, overlooking this bay. The transcendental ecstasy of their communion, and the peculiar way in which the physical beauty of the scene is represented as reflecting upon their spiritual nature, remind us very curiously of the conversation between Seraphitus and Minna, on the summit of the Falberg, as invented by Balzac some three years after the English poem first saw the light. But the sympathy is not so complete between them as Julian imagines. Camilla confides in him that she loves, and loves another: that other Lionel, the friend of Julian. The unfortunate lover falls swooning at her feet, and henceforth, living far away in the forest, is troubled by phantasmal processions and peals of visionary bells which constantly remind him of her loss. To these dreams succeeds the actual death of Camilla, or what seems her death, and the circumstances attending and following her funeral form the germ of the story as we find it in Boccaccio, and the plot of the delightful poem of the "Golden Supper." We must, however, confine ourselves to what is new, and of this we think the brief third part is the most original. It describes one out of the many visions by which the exile of Julian is tormented, and is in power, brevity, and picturesque incisiveness worthy of the poet in his most mature moments. We have no space to quote this lovely passage at length, and to divide it would be to destroy the strange and spectral fascination that it holds over the reader. We prefer, therefore, to give as an example of the adolescent grace that makes the *Lover's Tale* almost unique among juvenile poems the opening description of the eventful day when the ascent of the mountain took place:—

"There came a glorious morning, such a one
As dawns but once a season. Mercury
On such a morning would have flung himself
From cloud to cloud, and swum with balanced wings
To some tall mountain: when I said to her,
'A day for Gods to stoop,' she answered 'Ay,
And man to soar:' for as that other gazed,
Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,
The prophet and the chariot and the studs,
Suck'd into oneness like a little star
Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood,
When first we came from out the pines at noon,
With hands for eaves, uplooking and almost
Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven,
So bathed we were in brilliance. Never yet
Before or after have I known the spring
Pour with such sudden deluges of light
Into the middle summer; for that day
Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged the winds

With spiced May-sweets from bound to bound, and
blew
Fresh fire into the sun, and from within
Burst thro' the heated buds and sent his soul
Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far-off
His mountain-altars, his high hills, with flame
Milder and purer."

In the relations of Julian to Camilla the great problem of love, as it appears to the young and pure in heart, is stated in its simplest form. There is more of celestial than terrestrial passion in the mutual devotion of these two, and upon Julian the more earthly love breaks in as an unexpected discord upon the harmony of his life. But this that seems to him a discord is the cadence that makes the melody complete to the gentler spirit of Camilla. The whole tone of the poem is pitched in that high key which the Elizabethan dramatists loved to select for their queens and tragedy-lovers. There is a fine extravagance about it, and its pages are flushed with that purpler radiance whose fading is the first sign to us that we are no longer young.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

Essays in Political and Moral Philosophy.
By Thomas E. Cliffe Leslie. (Dublin University Press.)

THE University of Dublin, once maliciously described by her older, wealthier, and, of course, more arrogant kinswomen as the "silent sister," is finding that true liberty gives good speech. It is well that this new centre of Irish intellectual life, destined assuredly to become of infinite value to the Irish people, and already exhibiting an activity which English universities would do well to rival, is engaged in publishing books which actually add to the sum of human knowledge. We, in Oxford, might envy, and at some remote period may perhaps emulate, Dublin in mathematical research, not to point to other branches of learning. The richest university in the world is everlastingly clamouring for the endowment of research. Hitherto those who are plentifully endowed do not research. Oxford has added less to the sum of human knowledge than the poorest university in Germany. Nor have those who counsel study for study's sake, and urge that young men should reject formal examinations for solid learning, practised the wisdom which they commend. The seed of academical learning is withered on the highway or choked in the thorns. The crop is not the decimal of a percentage on the cost of cultivation.

Among the volumes which the University of Dublin has published is a series of essays by Mr. Cliffe Leslie. They are taken from such writings of the author as have been printed during the last eighteen years in various periodical works. They are necessarily of very various value. Speculations on the future of European politics in certain communities are interesting, because they record the interpretation which an honest and conscientious writer gives of current events. But as nothing is more imperfect, so nothing is so unsatisfactory as the estimate which most men make, however meritorious may be their labours, of present political facts. The scorn which

the practical politician—that is, the higher sort of member of Parliament—expresses for the literary theorist his justification, that practical politics mean action, and action means results, and results involve responsibilities. One of the best illustrations which can be given of this contrast between theory and practice is the doctrine of minority representation. In theory it seems equitable and judicious; in practice it is a mere trick by which representation is stultified and political intelligence is extinguished. Another can be taken from the alarm which many well-meaning people entertain about Russian intrigue and Russian power. But if facts go for anything, Russia is really less capable of aggression against civilised communities than any European State is; and her neighbours know it, and act upon the knowledge.

Whatever value there is or has been in Mr. Leslie's political speculations, no economist who studies facts—that is to say, no economist who is not a pretender—can have any doubt as to the value of those among these essays which are concerned with economical subjects. There are, as the author of this volume most truly says, two schools of English economists. The one assumes a few true and several dubious or erroneous principles, and frequently constructs a scheme of social life and action from premisses which do not and cannot exist. Certain positions, historical it may be, but now unreal, are treated as though they were permanent and necessary. Certain forces, real, but obscured or distorted by artificial circumstances, are wholly neglected. Figures which seem to be the basis of inductions, but which are utterly valueless unless the factors of these figures are found out, are appealed to as proofs of a conclusion which is foregone, of a question which is begged. It is difficult to exaggerate the mischief which this treatment of the profoundest interests of humanity might have induced had it not been for the hesitation with which experience, narrow and mean as it may be, combats theory, however lofty and arrogant. The doctrines of the wage fund, of the Ricardian rent, of the population theory, of the equality of profits, of the "law" of the increase of capital, are instances among many of the pernicious habit which is so common of reasoning from insufficient or factitious premisses.

Another school of economists has, however, grown up, which insists on tracing facts to causes, and which frames generalities only after patient research into all that contributes to a result. Why is it, for instance, that the rent of an acre of arable land has increased a hundred times since a given period, while the price of a quarter of corn, the produce of that acre, has increased in the same period only ten times? Why is it that a population which existed under considerable risks of famine at the earlier epoch has increased ten times since the same period, and runs no risks of famine whatever? Why is it—to take another subject—that the enormous monetary transactions of English trade are effected by a metallic reserve which is apparently less than a third of that which France, for example, finds it necessary to retain? Why

was it that in Adam Smith's time the mercantile and manufacturing classes were the principal and persistent foes of free trade, the landowners and farmers the most likely to advocate free trade; while twenty years after Smith's death the former became free traders, the latter protectionists? Why is it that a building cost at the earlier epoch, all money values considered, a fourth of what it would cost now, though the price of materials and the wages of labour are relatively lower now than they were then?

The existing condition of any community, be it considered from a political or an economical or even from a theological point of view, is the result of a very large mass of facts, which must be collected and valued as far as possible before any just estimate can be formed of the product. The student of jurisprudence finds in the present social condition of England living relics of that life which Grimm discovered and Maine expanded, as well as of the Roman code, of the papal decretals, and even of Greek philosophy. The student of politics discovers that the pretensions of European monarchs are survivals of that Empire which a profligate nobility and a debased people rendered inevitable at Rome, even if he does not trace the facts which forced on the Roman Empire to the results which followed from Hannibal's long sojourn in Italy. The Anglican Church, peculiar among Churches, is far more closely connected in its history with the Constitutions of Clarendon, the war with France, and the policy of the Avignon pontiffs, than it is with the divorce of Katherine, and the scepticism of the Renaissance. But the economical condition of a country must, in order to be understood, be traced to more numerous, more deep, and more general facts. Why, for instance, did England have a Poor Law more than three hundred years ago? Why do farmers' rents occupy so large a space in English economics? Why has trades-unionism so strong a hold on the English workman's mind, while communism is so little attractive to him?

Questions such as these can be answered from history only, and generally from those materials for history which are as yet unexplored and are often almost inaccessible. The solution to them cannot be guessed at, though the habit of guessing at economical problems is the discredit and danger which heedless reasoners are constantly inducing on economical science and on society, whether it accepts or ignores the inferences which the true or the false economist draws. Besides, apart from the inconvenience which ensues from the crude and superficial logomachies which disfigure most economical reasoning, it is impossible that we can discover what is universal and invariable in the social condition of men, unless we eliminate from the enquiry into the practice of any one nation that which is artificial and adventitious. We run the risk of imperilling what is morally true by insisting on attention to conclusions of which the premisses are unsubstantial or imaginary.

Against this vice of modern political economy Mr. Leslie has protested, and protested with effect. Between the statistician who dreams that all figures are of equal value, and the theoretical economist who

imagines that he can construct a practical scheme out of a few questionable tendencies while he rejects the facts which show what men are and have been, political economy runs serious risks. The workman who was told that his theories about capital and labour were contravened by orthodox political economy gave an answer which contains more than seems, when he said that if political economy was against him, he was against political economy. If men are in the wrong, the wisest, the soundest, the most practical method of dealing with them is to furnish oneself with the reasons why they have come to be in the wrong. For 500 years the Legislature strove to fix the rate of wages. Is it strange that workmen retaliate? For two centuries the Legislature strove to crush the native Irishman. Can any sane man wonder that it takes some time before the reversal of wrongs clears off the memory of wrong and the practices to which the wrong gave birth? Within little more than fifty years ago the English law hanged people by scores; and now men wonder that English men are brutal. Fifty years ago offices were closed to all but those who pretended to believe in the ecclesiastical organisation of the English Church, and partisans cast in the teeth of Nonconformists that they are political sects. Nobody, however, troubles himself about what made them so. But it is in vain to talk about what society is, unless it is first seen how it came to be what it is. In political economy, and in politics, Mr. Leslie has been trying to find out why things are. He is doing good service, even in conclusions in which it may not be possible to agree with him. But as Aristotle observed, in perhaps the most pregnant sentence ever written, the search after truth must be in the right way.

The best fruits which Mr. Leslie has gathered from this sounder method of economic inference are to be found in those essays, xxi. to xxiv. inclusive, in which he deals with prices and the distribution of money; as the best of his political articles are those which treat of the military systems of modern Europe, and the difficulty there is in developing a check to the dangerous growth of Continental armies. In relation to the former of these topics, it may be mentioned that at the later period of the Middle Ages, and the beginning of modern history, if one may take the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as Mr. Hallam takes them, to represent the passage from the one to the other epoch, the prices of utilities and labour—some slight exceptions allowed, as in London—were singularly uniform over England; that the general rise in prices began to be discerned in the last five years of Henry VIII.'s reign; and that the rise was effected with general uniformity. As regards the latter subject, it is clear that hostile or protective tariffs, while they rarely or never add to the revenue of the State, are powerful causes of dissension or suspicion among nations; and that armies are rarely efficient against free States, when they are manipulated by a central despotism. The real ruler of Germany, who is giving another illustration of the fact that high generalship is rarely united with political wisdom, will find his objects best accom-

plished if he is baffled in the attempt which he is making to rally selfish interests to his side, and to create the disaffection which is inevitable, and for which he, and those for whom he acts, will be held responsible.

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

Henry Merritt: Art Criticism and Romance.
By Anna Lea Merritt. In Two Volumes.
(C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

HENRY MERRITT was known only as a restorer of old, and a critic of new, pictures. As both he will soon be forgotten. The exquisitely delicate operations he performed in what he called his "hospital for sick pictures" were not such as to be loudly advertised by the owners of his patients; the slight and popular notices he wrote for daily papers were scarcely worth a more enduring setting. Indeed, while thanking Mr. Champneys for his generous and well-reasoned Preface, we cannot but regret that he should have filled a volume with reprints to the defects of which he is by no means blind. The long complimentary catalogue—for it is nothing more—of the International pictures of 1862 is a monument of genial tolerance; but the indiscriminate praise of certain rank weeds was none the less unworthy of the gentle hand which "caused many a faded crocus to bloom afresh." The few notices of Old Masters which Mr. Champneys has selected, especially that on Diétrich, abundantly prove, while they fail to impart, a profound knowledge of the history of technique. No master was ever less jealous of his secrets, but even in his essays on *Dirt and Pictures Separated*, published in 1854, we search in vain for a complete account of the precise limits and actual processes of his art. It is here (chap. ix.) that we find his peculiar theory of transparent oil-painting. That so crude and obvious a method as merely tinting with transparent washes a finished monochrome picture in black-and-white should not have often occurred to and been deliberately rejected by the great masters is incredible. The unfinished flower-piece which he cites, by Jan van Haysum, a master of so peculiar and limited a range, is surely no more than the example which proves the rule.

The real interest of these precious volumes centres in the writer himself and in his two romances as a part of himself. The first, *Robert Dalby*, was published anonymously in 1865; the *Oxford Professor* existed only in an unfinished and unrevised MS. Both reflect the vivid impressions of his childhood, but in the one he describes actual experiences, in the other he is lost amid conjecture and prejudice. Yet the university society of that day, with its exclusive and mysterious dignity, may well have stirred the imagination of the little street Arab as a scene of brightest virtues and blackest crimes. To him in after life, as then, there was nothing improbable or unreal in the wild romance he weaves round college walls grown gray in prosaic conventionalism. Hence, improbable, impossible, as is the story, it is never contemptible; indeed, its very absurdities lend it a secondary and very real interest. It is not truth, but after all it is truest romance, this Oxford of the young imagination, where

learned age is sweet and venerable, youth and genius all-powerful, where we meet with glowing chivalry instead of wan respectability; instead of petty spite, sublime malignity; where even the sweet pastoral spirit of the child-artist leads high-fed pedants to wander in sunset water-meadows. Outside the jealous gates he has but shyly idealised the stray glimpses he could catch; from within has again and again issued the Oxford novel, the dismal catalogue of wines, fights, and boat-races, leading up to the crowning horrors of Commemoration. If neither picture is true, at least they differ as romance differs from caricature.

In *Robert Dalby* we can afford to welcome the same defects. The utter absence of construction is but the naïveté of the true story: the improbability is no more than the play of fancy upon real experience. For Merritt's was the veritable artist-nature to which nothing true is common or unclean, and in spite of early critics his simple and earnest narration elevates to highest pathos that sordid life which no rosewater sentiment could dignify. That life was lived quite naturally by a child of delicate perception and sweetest impulse: it is described by a man of matured judgment and culture. But here not only are the child and the man the same person, but between them was no break of continuity, no shadow of that barrier of respectability behind which the past of the self-made man fades into convenient legend. The old things needed not to pass away to make all things new. Thus surely it is that Merritt has succeeded—where even Hugo and Dickens have failed—in worthily describing the life of the poor. With him we actually revisit the poor cottage, the dame school, the grim old gaol, the dank ropewalk, the market, the dingy canal-side slums among savage gamins, poachers, and rat-catchers—among the poorest, the lowest, the worst—yet we feel it is well and not ill for us to be there, for all that is vulgar in seeming is refined by the clear eyes which trace beauty even in nature's hiding-places—and by the intense truth which is beauty itself.

It would be presumptuous to point out these passages, which those who can feel them will assuredly find out for themselves; but quite apart from their human interest, these scenes are pervaded by the keenest aesthetic feeling. The test is indeed a severe one, and it is marvellous to find a mere child who could see the poetry of broad stagnant waters reflecting ruined hovels, ragged weeds, and stunted trees, or of the long shadows and dreary mists creeping up the great meadow, and a thousand other secrets unknown to his betters, whose refined perceptions were bounded by college walks, rich woods, and trim villages. Hence it is that Merritt's life was elevated above the common story of artist-struggles and disappointments by a sweetness which no failure could sour, a tenderness which no ingratitude could harden, a quiet happiness which the world could not take away; for his secret was the perfect moral singleness of a faithful disciple of nature.

But why this was so not even his story can tell us. How came this Athenian spirit

to spring from among our Helots and not our Spartans? How far was it innate? and how far the unconscious work of gracious surroundings—a question of college spires or factory chimneys? For seventeen years it struggled on without a word or look of sympathy—how much longer could it have held out against grown-up vice, vulgarity, and drink? What is the sum of beautiful impulse which thus yearly perishes for want of meat? Can the three R's elicit and nourish these wasted graces? and if not, what can? or will? These pages suggest many questions—the answers we must seek for ourselves.

The fine etchings which illustrate the book are probably very unequal specimens of Merritt's powers. Though the drawing is never remarkable, there is often fine feeling for texture and deep poetry of expression. In the Organ-loft scene he has evidently adopted the *Burgomaster Sia* both in the disposition of light and in the restful pose of the principal figure, but even Rembrandt could hardly have caught the rich expression of the lady's noble head and rapt gaze.

Henry Merritt's own life-romance is disclosed in the *Recollections* by his faithful pupil and wife, but so delicately, so simply, with such generous confidence in the reader's sympathy, that respect forbids us to do more than record our thanks and admiration.

EDWARD PURCELL.

At Anchor. A Narrative of Experiences Afloat and Ashore during the Voyage of H. M. S. Challenger, from 1872 to 1876.
By John James Wild. (Marcus Ward & Co.)

THE literature of the *Challenger* Expedition, which lasted from Christmas 1872 to the end of May 1876, is becoming somewhat ample, and the subject has now been treated from wellnigh every point of view. Mr. Wild, however, has found a void which he has essayed to fill, and on the whole not without success. The handsome volume before us treats of the expedition chiefly from the pictorial point of view, and the coloured drawings and typo-etchings with which it is lavishly embellished are, as the author tells us, "simple topographical and ethnographical sketches, representing, as accurately as the circumstances of their production would permit, the natural scenery and the inhabitants of the regions traversed." The narrative, like too many others of its kind which vex the soul of the reviewer, was originally drawn up "as a record of personal impressions for the use of relatives and friends," and comprises brief descriptions of different parts of the world visited by the *Challenger*, interspersed with occasional notes of what occurred in the scientific work of the expedition between the ports of call. Many of the places treated of are so well known that some portions of the book might have been abridged with advantage; indeed, with the exception of Frederick Stoltenhoff's account of the bi-crested penguin in the Tristan d'Acunha group—a bird which there are but rare opportunities of observing in its native

haunts—we do not get much information of interest until the Cape of Good Hope is passed, and the *Challenger* gets well down in the Southern Ocean. Here several little-known islands were visited, and the great Antarctic ice-barrier was skirted, where Mr. Wild was able to observe the construction of the snow-berg of that region, of which he gives some noteworthy particulars at pages 74–5. Before quitting the Antarctic Ocean, Captain Nares seems to have settled the non-existence of a position named in the charts “Wilkes’ Termination Land,” discovered in February 1840. That navigator mentions “an appearance of land” at a distance of sixty miles; but, although the *Challenger* approached to within twenty miles of the position, no trace of land could be made out. The error Mr. Wild appears to consider not unaccountable, for he says that “even the most practised eye as it scans the ice-bound horizon, often crested with sharp-edged banks of white clouds, will be deceived by what appears to be unmistakable signs of land.”

After visiting Australia and New Zealand, the *Challenger* commenced what to our thinking is the most interesting part of her cruise—viz., that among the islands of the Pacific. The first touched at was Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands, which Mr. Wild compares to the Isle of Wight, though it is not so hilly. In this attractive spot were seen the remains of pyramidal tombs, which, from an archaeological point of view, are not unworthy of closer investigation.

“The existence of these structures,” our author remarks, “which recall the monuments of Mexico and of Egypt upon an island of the Western Pacific Ocean, is, to say the least, a fact deserving attention. The larger of the two tombs is known as that of Tui Tonga, the title formerly borne by the pontiff or high-priest of these islands. We found the ruins to consist of three steps or terraces, each about three feet high, and faced with large slabs of coral rock. The lowest step formed a parallelogram, measuring about 135 feet by 95 feet, the proportion between the two sides being as three to two. The monument, however, was so completely overgrown with trees that we would have been unable to find it without the assistance of guides. The roots of the trees fall as it were in cascades from one terrace to the next, and down to the ground, almost entirely concealing the stones and the general outline of the monument.”

The Fiji Islands and New Hebrides were successively visited, and then the *Challenger*’s head was turned westward to Torres Strait. From this to Hongkong is the fairest and most favoured region of the earth, which, for centuries before the first European vessel rounded the Cape of Good Hope, the Arab, the Persian, the Hindu, the Malay, and the Chinese had shared between them. Then came the great seafaring nations of the West, and claimed their share of the riches which Nature has scattered with so lavish a hand in these latitudes of never-ending summer. Now the Portuguese, first in the field, hold but a shadow of their former possessions; the Spaniards still own the beautiful Philippines; but, says Mr. Wild,

“More to be envied than all the rest, the Dutch reign supreme from the Strait of Malacca to the shores of Papua, and their unostentatious rule almost makes the world forget that this nation . . . owns an empire which extends from east

to west a distance of over 2,000 miles, and embraces, besides the famous spice-islands, the greater part of Borneo and Sumatra.”

Entering this charmed region, the *Challenger* touched at the Arrou and Ki Islands, and then her track for two days

“lay among that chain of little-known and rarely-visited islands which connect Caram with Timor Laut, and form the eastern boundary of the Sea of Banda. Such are the Tionfolokker and Nusa Tello Islands. Some of these are hilly, without, however, attaining any great height; some barely rise above the level of the sea; but all are covered with a dense vegetation. About sunset on the 27th [September 1874] we passed the southern end of Kanalur Island, near enough to observe lights or fires on its western shore. These islands, I believe, have never been explored by the naturalist. They could easily be reached from Banda or Amboyna, with the assistance of the Dutch authorities—always liberally disposed towards the scientific traveller.”

The Banda Islands, Amboyna, and Ternate, the chief island of the Molucca group, which were next visited, afforded Mr. Wild materials for interesting sketches; and, after a brief stay in the Philippines, the *Challenger* finished another stage of her cruise at Hong Kong. The voyage thence to Yokohama was of peculiar interest; for Capt. Thomson (who had succeeded Capt. Nares), instead of going direct to Japan, first took his vessel to the northern shores of New Guinea, touching at rarely-visited spots, where Mr. Wild was evidently not idle with his note-book and pencil. The cruise from the Admiralty Islands to Japan, a distance of some 2,500 nautical miles, was rendered notable by the discovery of the greatest ocean-depths hitherto ascertained by soundings.

“On March 23,” Mr. Wild writes, “we stopped in lat. 11° 24' N. and long. 143° 16' E., and about midway in the narrow sea which separates Guam Island, the most southern of the Mariana group, from Uluthi, one of the western Caroline Islands. The depth was found to be 4,575 fathoms, or about 5½ English miles. A second sounding, with a weight of 4 cwt. attached to the sounding-line, . . . gave 4,450 fathoms, or 26,700 feet.”

Mr. Wild was fortunate in spending two months in Japan at a pleasant time of the year; and before quitting the Land of the Rising Sun he was apparently rendered for ever happy by an interview with the Mikado, who, if Mr. Wild’s portrait of him be correct, is hardly so intelligent-looking as his consort. The last two chapters are devoted to a description of the passage across the Pacific to Valparaiso, and thence through Magellan Strait to the Falkland Islands, Monte Video, Ascension, Vigo, and England.

In conclusion it must be observed that this work, the narrative part of which is somewhat slight, is distinguished by two good points—a copious geographical index of nearly six hundred names, and a chart on which the course of the *Challenger* is laid down, the places touched at being indicated by numbers referring to a list. The coloured illustrations and typo-etchings are the great features of the work, and are mostly good, though we must take exception to the representation of a cricket match at page 45. That they have been well reproduced from the originals the high reputation of the publishers in this particular branch of art is a

sufficient guarantee; and the work is on the whole one of the handsomest gift-books which has been issued in this country for some time.

EDW. DUFFIELD JONES.

LYRICS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

Señor Guido y Spano’s Hojas al Viento.
(Buenos Aires.)

ONE of the most interesting facts in the development of modern art, and one represented in all its branches, is the gradual decline of its Romantic and the reassertion of its Classical element. If vigour of fancy and novelty of thought were the natural artistic outgrowth of this century in its spring, we must consider correctness of form and novelty of expression as the ripened fruit of its autumn. This fruit has been richly garnered-in for English literature by Mr. Rossetti. France, if it has no such brilliant example to offer, can lay claim to priority of invention in Th. de Banville, supported by that new legion of writers in the *Parnasse Contemporain*, where cultivation evaporates into the merest routine of studied mediocrity. Italy and Germany have lately been too fully occupied with politics to leave much time for any salient artistic development; and Spain, remaining true to the character ascribed to her by Sismondi in speaking of the growth of her drama, is as slow as ever to receive foreign impressions, and is content to abide beneath the now rather dusty laurels of Zorilla. With the Spanish colonies, however, this has by no means been the case. Chili and even Mexico have not been idle, and the Argentine Republic, sensitive to every foreign literary influence, has managed to maintain for several years past three first-class literary periodicals. To the best of these, *La Revista de Buenos Aires*, a young Argentine writer, Carlos Guido y Spano, has from time to time contributed clever aesthetic criticisms and delicate translations from the more significant European works. These have been lately collected and published at Seville as the first number of the *Biblioteca Hispano-Sur-Americana*. From a diffidence not uncommon with artists of delicate workmanship, however, his poetical works remained unknown to the general public, though long estimated at their true value by the leading members of literary society at Buenos Aires, till at their instigation his volume of poems was published under the name of *Hojas al Viento* (“Leaves in the wind”). It reflects no small credit on the taste of these young republics that the extreme cultivation of Spano’s work has been so immediately recognised. In the *Parnaso Argentino* he has already been ranked beside Echeverría, the poet of Romanticism and Liberty, who wrote under the political stress of circumstances at the beginning of this century, and whose memory is of course most dear to them. We ourselves doubt whether the whole cycle of Spanish lyrics has produced such a master of concise form and subtle expression. A certain portion of the *Hojas al Viento* has been devoted to translations from the Greek Anthology, and this gives the key-note as it were to the

rest of the volume. Spanish art has never yet appreciated that golden mean between the thinly-coloured refinement of Cetina's odes and sonnets and the coarsely realistic and Gothic paganism of *Los Borrachos* by Velasquez, in the Real Museo of Madrid. Among the classical writers of the Court of Charles V., even the Greek element of Boscan's *Hero and Leander*, with all his subtle imitation, is attenuated by Italicisms, and the beautiful *Eclogas* of Garcilaso remind one far sooner of Calpurnius than of Theocritus. Spano is the first to transplant any of these Greek flowers into Spanish, and with his dexterous handling the root is here as well as the blossom, and they seem to sprout afresh. They have a strange feeling of Greek vitality, and the spirit of Pagan beauty seems breathing still as we meet Antipater or Rufinus filleted with Pampas flowers; and Meleager's garland blown through by the "Pamperos" is as crisp and dewy as in the freshest days of Paganism. For there is a luscious quality in Spano's versification that gives a certain tropical aroma to all it lights upon. In his own strictly classical ode to "Edda, Poetisa Grenadina," with all its concise expression and vigorous restraint of imagery, the words glitter like the brilliant wings of the birds and butterflies that flash through the creepers of the Brazilian forests. Elsewhere he not inaptly describes his verses as "tawny bees murmuring in the red dawn across the boundless Pampas," and it is just this faint reminiscence of strange flower-savours that makes his translations sweet and delicate as wild honey.

Of his own original work, "Soñaba" has been pronounced, in a clever critique by E. Perié, to be one of the very finest lyrics in the language. The following translation can but give a faint idea where the chief beauty lies in subtlety of music and expression:—"She never told me that she loved me; one day as she was sleeping beneath a linden in her garden, she uttered my name amid her sighs; I kissed her crimson lips in my passionate surprise; and she without awakening, and beautiful as she had never been, suddenly turned most mortally pale." Later he compares his "love ever faithful to the unfaithful Guldare" to a crystal box that when deprived of its rich pastilles still retains their "voluptuoso y lánguido perfume;" where the last words roll sensuously along like the heavy smoke of the incense.

In his general treatment of love the Argentine poet is most singularly un-Spanish. Though the frank healthiness of the poems never takes away from the spiritual exaltation of their passion, it still excludes that ill-timed reasoning and tawdry metaphysical imagery which ruins most Spanish erotic verse. Now and then he inclines to gossip about his love like Propertius, and a little poem called "Jealousy" is singularly like the Latin writer. Otherwise the general tenor is more pastoral, and the courting of two lovers in a cherry orchard, the boy in the branches and the girl with outspread apron and heart in an agony at her swain's daring, is as freshly told as that inimitable scene between Vincent and Mireio gathering the mulberry leaves in the great Provençal pastoral. With so little space at our disposal it is difficult to select where nearly

every emotion permissible to strictly plastic art has been treated with sympathetic deference. We need hardly say in speaking of a Republican that Victor Hugo is the poet of his predilection, and to him a fine ode has been addressed that for sustained power is not far beneath Mr. Swinburne's.

In conclusion we must remind our readers of the very few poets on whom tropical colour has left a decided influence; beside Leconte de Lisle, we can recall no writer in a European tongue. Baudelaire, though born in the tropics, gives but a faint reminiscence in "La Malabraise," and one or two other of his less important pieces; and Parny's odes, with their pseudo-classicality of 1800, are colder than the marble of Canova's *Princess Borghese*. It is this affluence of Northern culture and tropical daring of colour that constitutes Guido y Spano's especial charm and originality. THEOPHILUS MARZIALS.

NEW NOVELS.

Under One Roof. By James Payn. (Chatto & Windus.)

Airy Fairy Lilian. By the Author of "Phyllis." (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Won but Lost! By M. H. Lumsden. (Kerby & Endean.)

A Rogue's Life. By Wilkie Collins. (R. Bentley & Son.)

My Sister's Keeper. By Laura M. Lane. (Griffith & Farran.)

Erpingham. By Louis Cecil. (Provost & Co.)

If we had any equivalent in England (save the casual retaining-fees of temperance societies, &c.) for the abundant academic prizes of France, one of these prizes ought certainly to have been long ago set aside for a good novel dealing with spiritualism. Had this been done Mr. Payn would assuredly have won the money. In *Under One Roof* he does not go so far afield as of late has been his wont. It is the history of a Fiend, who must absolutely have a big F, who haunts a pleasant English family, and who is discomfited by the younger members thereof. Sir Robert Arden is an amiable Devonshire baronet with a weak head and a second wife. The second wife is a very nice person, and has several still nicer children. But the first wife has left behind her a brother, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, and it is no breach of confidence to hint that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot is the Fiend. Further than this and our previous hint about spiritualism we shall not go in telling the story. Nor is there the slightest necessity to go further, because all sensible persons who read novels will explore for themselves the fortunes of the persons who for their sins lived under one roof with the accomplished Mr. Walcot. As is usual with Mr. Payn, there is no lack of exciting incident. He gives us a first-rate shipwreck, an exciting burglar-hunt, and a kidnapping exploit in a yacht, which has a much less ghastly termination than the similar performance in *MacLeod of Dare*. People who read for the story will have no reason to complain of Mr. Payn. But people who read for the manner in which a story is told will have still less occasion of grumbling.

Under One Roof is a capital example of its author's skill in hitting the taste of the day for a kind of subdued burlesque in style and narrative. It is not the easiest of tasks to keep up this tone through three volumes without occasionally dropping either into monotony or into bad taste. Mr. Payn manages his falsetto with extreme skill, and succeeds in maintaining it almost without a break. We can imagine some good people accusing him, as they have accused others, of "regarding the universe through a horse-collar." But a horse-collar of shapely fashion is after all not an unbecoming variety of ruff in this very businesslike world; and Mr. Payn's readers ought to be heartily obliged to him for affording them in their turn the opportunity of a pleasant and refreshing outlook.

The personages of *Airy Fairy Lilian* are of a tolerably familiar stamp. They possess immense beauty, great wealth, and the bluest of blood, while at the same time their manners are charmingly easy and free, and their language scorns to be limited by the grammatical rules of pedants. At breakfast they play engaging tricks with the contents of their own and other people's plates: at dinner they include their servants in the conversation most affably; and the compliments which they pay to each other as soon as they meet are quite charming in their unsophisticated nature. But they seem to be unaware that the verb "don't" is not properly to be joined in the bonds of grammatical wedlock with a singular subject in the third person, and they use "shall" and "will" entirely at their fantasy. Lastly, their history is told in the intolerable present tense. But these objections pretty well exhaust the list. "*Airy Fairy Lilian*" is not always ladylike, but she is not often dull, and of her slaves and enemies much the same, with due allowance for sex, may be said. If the book sometimes sets our teeth a little on edge, in recompense it often makes us laugh. It cannot receive any very exalted praise, but it succeeds in getting itself put down without exciting any uncharitable feelings towards its author. A very few alterations would have made it an unusually pleasant novel of the lighter kind.

We can hardly speak so tolerantly of *Won but Lost!* Miss Lumsden opens her story pretty well, but quite fails to preserve the reader's interest afterwards. The plot turns, as is very soon seen, on an innocent bigamy; but it is very far from being well managed, and the author has most unwisely and unnecessarily added a sort of postscript, in which the guiltless wife marries again because she is told that in her anomalous situation it would be a social advantage to herself and her child. Such sentimental attraction as *Won but Lost* might otherwise have is ruined by this: and of any other interest it has little or none. The characters are for the most part rather foolish, and the dialogue is slovenly in style.

Mr. Bentley's "Empire Library" of novelettes has received a pleasant addition in Mr. Wilkie's Collins's *Rogue's Life*, which readers of *Household Words* may remember as having appeared in that journal nearly a quarter of a century ago. The rogue is not a rogue of the deepest dye, and his greatest

crime is the manufacture of spurious Old Masters; but there is no need to say anything about the story, which, though slight enough, is of the best railway type. The influence of Dickens is, naturally enough, very strong indeed in it; the gaiety is sometimes a little boisterous and the satire not a little clumsy. But the rogue is emphatically a pleasant rogue, and one is glad when he escapes to his curiously anomalous position of footman and husband at the antipodes.

My Sister's Keeper is a story with a direct and avowed purpose, but then the purpose is one of the most excellent, and happens to be one of those rare purposes which a story may very probably and very properly accomplish. Considerable efforts have been made of late years to provide some sort of home and society for the myriad working-girls of London at the rare times when they are released from shop and work-room. *My Sister's Keeper* is the fictitious record of an effort in this cause by a London young lady. Miss Lane has done her work very skilfully, and has made of it, not a tract, but a pleasant and readable story, which it may be hoped will incline more than one reader to follow the example of its heroine, May Pemberton. The book has a Preface by Mrs. Townsend, the President of a society (the "Girls' Friendly Society") which has been formed for the purpose of carrying out the objects we have already described. But Miss Lane's work is deserving of commendation from the merely literary point of view.

We should imagine that *Erpingham* is its author's first attempt at fiction-writing. As such, and because of the unpretending form in which it presents itself, it does not call for any very severe criticism. The characters and the style, however, are both rather crude, and such powers of story-telling as Mr. Cecil may possess are certainly not yet by any means fully developed. His plot, indeed, is not a bad one. A girl of excellent family, but whose parents are poor, is urged to marry a wealthy nobleman, but prefers a poor artist. There is, of course, nothing novel in this. The author, however, has made the artist, and not the girl, faithless, and (it is true, by a somewhat startling *peripeteia*) has rewarded the damsel finally with all the wealth and position which she had formerly refused.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT THEOLOGY.

Supernatural Revelation: or, First Principles of Moral Theology. By the Rev. T. R. Birks. (Macmillan.) A natural wish to treat with respectful consideration a writer occupying the place of Professor of Moral Theology in the University of Cambridge has put compulsion on us to read through this dull volume. The title is obviously suggested by that of the well-known work on *Supernatural Religion*, against which this is put forward by Prof. Birks as a counterblast. The anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion* complains that his critics have hitherto dealt only with side issues; accordingly Prof. Birks comes forward as a champion to grapple with his main principles. The "Scepticism" and "Agnosticism" of the day are treated in the manner familiar to those who listen to the orators that are wont to declaim at religious meetings. The tone is supercilious, and the reasoning inconclusive. It will puzzle the wisest to discover what Prof.

Birks' book has to do with "Moral Theology," spoken of in the alternative title.

True Words for Brave Men. A Book for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries. By Charles Kingsley. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) This is a volume of hitherto unpublished sermons, addresses, and lectures—all in Charles Kingsley's characteristic manner. The lecture entitled "The Story of Cortez: or, Pluck in the Sixteenth Century" was delivered in the camp at Aldershot, and "Brave Words for Brave Soldiers and Sailors" was sent out to the army before Sebastopol in 1855; but the greater part of the volume does not appear to have been written with any special reference to our troops—indeed, the addresses "Picture Galleries," "A Portrait in the National Gallery," and "The British Museum," were prepared for London working-men.

University Sermons on Gospel Subjects. By John Wordsworth, M.A. (James Parker and Co.) Nothing in this pleasing little volume of seven sermons calls for comment here except the attempt made in Sermon II. to support on the grounds of internal evidence the genuineness of Mark xvi., 9-20. Of course minute points of literary style and "the niceties of verbal usage" could not be well treated from the pulpit; so Mr. Wordsworth confines himself to the comparison of the character and drift of the subject-matter of the disputed verses with the contents of the earlier portion of the Gospel. The main lines of the Gospel which, as Mr. Wordsworth considers, are continued and made to "converge" in the concluding twelve verses are (1) "lack of faith overcome by repeated manifestations;" (2) Christ as "the Lord of Nature" (exhibited in the miracles selected for narration compared with verses 15 and 18). If evidence from other sources were not so nearly balanced, it would be useless to weigh seriously considerations of this kind. As it is, it seems to us that the resemblances are too general to allow any weight to be attached to them.

A Guide to the Parish Church. By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Bishop of Carlisle. New Edition, Revised and Rewritten. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell and Co.) This sensible and useful little book is widely known in its earlier form. Bishop Goodwin has been moved to rewrite it in parts by the fact that his historical researches on the subject of the Ornaments' Rubric have led him, against his former opinion, to believe that the interpretation put upon the Ornaments' Rubric by the Courts is "most probably the true one." He adds: "I say *most probably*, because the Rubric when carefully studied in its historical connexion is undoubtedly obscure, and the interpretation must necessarily rest upon a balance of probabilities." We are surprised that the following blunder should have escaped Dr. Goodwin's notice. "It may be well to remark that the Creed commonly called the Nicene is not actually identical with the Creed agreed upon at the great Council of Nicaea; it differs, however, only in *one clause*—namely, that concerning the Procession of the Holy Ghost" (p. 110). Not a word is said of the clauses on the Church, on baptism, on the resurrection, on "the life of the world to come;" not a word of the thirteen or fourteen variations between the two Creeds in the parts where they present a general parallelism. Another mistake, though more pardonable than the former, is where we read—"The Irish Church, since its disestablishment, has retained the Creed [*i. e.* the Athanasian], but ordered the omission of certain clauses in the public recitation of it" (p. 119); the fact being that the Creed is retained intact, but the rubric directing its use expunged.

The Life of Henriette d'Osseville (in Religion Mother Ste-Marie), Foundress of the Institute of the Faithful Virgin. Arranged and Edited by John George Macleod. (Burns and Oates.) The subject of this biography (born 1803—died 1858) was a French lady of noble birth, who early devoted herself to works of piety and self-denial.

In 1849 she came to England, and founded an institution at Norwood, in which orphans and other children exposed to the dangers of a Protestant training might be received. We doubt whether English Catholics will relish very heartily the miracles that set off the merits of this excellent lady and her devotion to the *Virgo Fidelis*. We read—

"About this time the inmates [of Mother Ste-Marie's convent at Delivrande] had a narrow escape from fire, caused by the carelessness of the convent servant in not extinguishing the fire of the bakehouse, which was immediately below one of the children's dormitories. The Mother Superior, when aroused, directed that a small wooden statue of our Lady, the Faithful Virgin, should be carried into the dormitory, being convinced that she would arrest the progress of the fire. In reward of her faith and confidence the flames were immediately extinguished, *the nun who carried the statue finding no difficulty in opening several locked doors through which she had to pass, though in her haste she had forgotten to take the keys with her*" (p. 74).

Father Macleod tells us that "the fact of the miracle granted" saved the sisters from an impending "reprimand" from the Bishop for "exaggerated devotion to Mary." Other instances of the miraculous will be found at pages 13, 83, 168. At Norwood, in "the land of heresy," miracles were wrought by the body of an unknown Virgin Martyr, to whom "the Pope gave the name of *Innocentia with the desire of placing the innocence of the children under her special protection*." We are reminded of one of the stories told of the devotions of Louis XI. by what is related (p. 11) of Mdle. d'Osseville's suddenly changing, one day in Paris, the direction of her petitions from "our Lady of Bon Secours, whose church is close to Rouen," to "our Lady of La Delivrande," with apparently happy results.

Our Established Church: its History, Philosophy, Advantages, and Claims, with a Dissertation on the Anglican Form of Ordination. By the Rev. Morris Fuller, M.A., Rector of Lydford, &c. (Pickering and Co.) Mr. Fuller puts the case for the Anglican Church Establishment with ability. Occasionally, though very rarely, his criticism of the arguments of opponents is pronounced in a manner that is scarcely Parliamentary—"mere balderdash and vain jangling" is not becoming language in so grave a discussion.

Hamartia: an Enquiry into the Nature and the Origin of Evil. (Elliot Stock.) The writer of this curious little treatise does himself more than justice in calling these speculative musings "an enquiry." Here we find only much unverified conjecture put in the manner of one who knows that he is addressing esoteric mysteries to a privileged circle.

"Every living creature is born into the world through animal generation, and dies as to its animal frame, which returns to dust; but the real form, the soul, of each becomes a component part of one further advanced, and, finally, of the complete human soul. . . . Each individual form, inclusive of the vegetable kingdom, has its representative in man, who is of kin to universal being."

It was, of course, impossible to escape the quotation—

"Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

"The aim and effort of the spirit to perfect the whole being is turned aside by the working of the inferior law of creaturely life not subject to the higher law of the divine life."

This will give some notion of the explanation offered of the nature of sin.

The Freedom of the Truth. By Mungo Ponton, F.R.S.E. (Longmans.) The only thing that calls for comment in this book is a very silly attack on Darwinism, in which the author shows his degree of fitness to deal with the question by his evident belief that the orang-outang is possessed of a tail. An elementary study of zoology is at least demanded from these severe critics.

Socrates' Ecclesiastical History: according to the Text of Hussey. With an Introduction by William Bright, D.D. (Clarendon Press.) We have in this volume a convenient and, we need not say, well-printed edition of Socrates. Canon Bright has prefixed a useful Introduction; but he cannot expect to carry all with him in his censure (p. xx.) of the spirit in which Socrates viewed the Arian and Nestorian controversies. The historian regarded these questions, no doubt, from a layman's standpoint, but it is from the standpoint of an earnest and independent-spirited layman. Canon Bright has in previous writings exhibited such fervent zeal for the memory of Cyril of Alexandria that we are not surprised to find him here (p. xxvii.) depreciating the value of Socrates' testimony as to the conduct of his hero.

The Church History of the First Three Centuries. By Dr. Ferd. Christian Baur. Third Edition. The Translation from the German edited by the Rev. Allan Menzies, B.D. Vol. I. (Williams and Norgate.) It is now more than twenty-five years since F. C. Baur's *History* attracted notice in Germany, and its merits and faults have long been known to all students of early Christianity. It has here been translated for the first time into English, and is part of last year's issue of the "Theological Translation Fund Library."

Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By Friedrich A. Philippi. Translated from the Third improved and enlarged Edition by the Rev. T. S. Banks. Two Volumes. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) *St. John's Gospel described and explained according to its peculiar Character.* By Christoph Ernst Luthardt, Professor of Theology at Leipzig. Vol. III. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) *Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament. The Epistles to the Corinthians.* Vol. II. *The Gospel according to St. Matthew.* Vol. II. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) Messrs. Clark's edition of the earlier volumes of Meyer's *Commentary* has on a former occasion received from us a hearty commendation. The present issue shows the same signs of care in the production of the work in its English form. Dr. Philippi on *The Epistle to the Romans* is also a serviceable addition to the "Foreign Theological Library." But most English readers would readily dispense with the frequent quotations from Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, whose authority does not weigh so heavily with us as with German Protestants.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, by Joseph Agar Beet (Hodder and Stoughton), is humbler in design, and intended only for the "English reader;" but, judging from some half-dozen test-passages, we can bear witness to its being the result of careful study.

Short Notes on the Greek Text of the Acts of the Apostles. By J. Hamblin Smith, M.A., Late Lecturer in Classics in St. Peter's College, Cambridge. (Rivingtons.) The title fairly describes this little book. There is no discussion of difficulties, and no weighing of the judgments of commentators. Indeed, a student relying on these short notes might well come to the conclusion that Mr. Hamblin Smith was the first who had ever attempted a commentary on the Acts. Mr. Smith accounts for his frequent references to Thucydides by the fact of his confident belief that the author of the Acts was very familiar with the portion of Thucydides concerned with the Sicilian expedition, which he thinks had been read by him "in anticipation of, or in consequence of, his visit to Syracuse." That may be; but, if we may hazard a conjecture, it is still more likely that Mr. Hamblin Smith has been recently lecturing on the sixth book of Thucydides.

The Three Witnesses: or, Scepticism met by Fact: in Fresh Evidences of the Truth of Christianity. By Stephen Jenner, M.A. (Longmans.) This book is an attempt to establish a proof of the historical truthfulness of the New Testament, after

the manner of Paley and Blunt, from "undesigned coincidences" between the Epistles of Peter, James, and John, and the characters of the supposed writers as pictured in the Gospels and Acts. The Epistle of James is attributed to the son of Zebedee—a theory which, though ordinarily dismissed with little ceremony, has been recently maintained with much ability by Mr. F. T. Basset. The theory is, at all events, essential to Mr. Jenner's design; but it is an amusing illustration of how hard a hobby may be ridden when we read (p. 222):—"Why did Herod seize upon James [the son of Zebedee] in particular to put him to death? . . . My solution of this is that this very Epistle had been the provoking cause." The First Epistle of Peter is treated with much ingenuity; and the consistency of the Scripture account of the character of St. Peter is skilfully exhibited by Mr. Jenner.

St. Paul at Athens: Spiritual Christianity in Relation to some Aspects of Modern Thought. Nine Sermons Preached in St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park. By Charles Shakspeare, B.A. With a Preface by the Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) These sermons are addressed to those among persons of education and culture who are "perplexed by prevalent modes of Agnostic thought." Their "fundamental idea," the author tells us, "is that the very existence of the spiritual faculty in man, so persistent and so vigorous, is ground of faith in a supersensuous reality corresponding to this faculty and creating it." The contact of Hellenism with Christianity in the first and second centuries, and the religious phenomena then exhibited, afford Mr. Shakspeare a starting-point; and the line of thought indicated above is thence pursued with much ability. Mr. Shakspeare is quite abreast with recent speculation, both abroad and at home, on the question of the origin of religion. He possesses, let us add, a qualification not very common with those who put themselves forward as Christian apologists—he has an earnest desire to understand the positions of opponents; and his success in the matter of attainment is proportionate. We heartily commend these very interesting sermons, and thank Canon Farrar for inducing the author to give them to a larger public than the congregation of St. Stephen's, Westbourne Park.

The Lord's Supper: Uninspired Teaching. (From A.D. 74 to A.D. 1875.) By Charles Hebert, D.D. (Seeley.) These two volumes, extending to some 1,500 pages, exhibit extracts on the Eucharist from the writings of "above 325 chosen most eminent divines," beginning with St. Clement of Rome and ending with Canon H. P. Liddon. The original Greek and Latin texts accompany the version. The book would not be unacceptable to students of the history of theology if it could be only freed from Dr. Hebert's commentary, which, we are obliged to say, is so prejudiced in tone, and so wanting in the power of discriminating between the well-recognised distinctions of dogmatic theology that it renders the work worse than useless to those for whom it is intended. What could Dr. Hebert have understood by the words (vol. i., p. 361) "the deacon does the repentance carefully, asking forgiveness"—as a rendering of ὁ διάκονος ποιεῖ μετάνοιαν ἐλθῶν αὐτῶν συγχώρησιν? It looks as if he were ignorant of the common ritual sense of μετάνοια as an *obsequance*. Again, Dr. Hebert's rendering (vol. i., p. 79) of a well-known passage in Tertullian's *De Corona* (c. iii.), is very puzzling. Tertullian is showing that where ecclesiastical practice has not been determined by the express authority of Scripture, custom (which, he thinks, flows from apostolical tradition) is sufficient warrant for its observance; and, among other illustrations of this truth, he observes:—"Eucharistiae sacramentum et in tempore victus et omnibus mandatum a domino etiam antelucanis coetibus, nec de aliorum manu quam praesidentium sumimus." These words Dr. Hebert renders as follows:—"We take

the sacrament of the eucharist, appointed by the Lord, both at the time of food [i.e., the evening] and for all, also at the assemblies [i.e., we take it at evening and at early morning also]," &c.; while the whole object of the passage is to show that though it was different in New Testament times, yet in Tertullian's time the celebration of the Eucharist was separated from the taking of a meal. Both these illustrations of Dr. Hebert's competence we lighted on by mere accident, and have made no search for errors.

Daniel and John: or, the Apocalypses of the Old and that of the New Testament. By Philip S. Desprez. (O. Kegan Paul and Co.) This volume is concerned with the questions of the date and authorship of the Book of Daniel and of the Revelation of St. John, and of the general purport and drift of their respective prophetic utterances. If Mr. Desprez' book attract attention it will not be because of any new contribution of scholarship or critical sagacity towards the solution of these problems, but as being a smart attack on the traditional and "orthodox" positions by a benefited clergyman of the Church of England. In the days of *Essays and Reviews* it would probably have secured a prosecution in the Ecclesiastical Courts. A characteristic Introduction by the late Dr. Rowland Williams is prefixed.

Schleiermacher's Theologie mit ihren philosophischen Grundlagen dargestellt von Wilhelm Bender. Zweiter Thl. *Die positive Theologie Schleiermachers.* (Nördlingen: Beck.) Prof. Bender continues his critical exposition of Schleiermacher. He considers that even when Schleiermacher's interpretation of the Christian religion is generally recognised as a failure—a consummation which is being rapidly attained in Germany—he will still be valued for his great services to scientific theology on the side of "Methodology." With Dilthey he declares Schleiermacher to be "the Kant of Protestant Theology."

Commentary on the Prophets of the Old Testament. By the late Dr. G. H. A. von Ewald. Translated by J. Frederick Smith. Vol. III., Nahum, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, "Zechariah" xii.-xiv., Jeremiah. (Williams and Norgate.) Ewald's great work on the Prophets is in some respects better adapted for an English public than the brilliant but too imaginative *History of Israel* which has given him so wide a reputation. His finest qualities undoubtedly come out best in his exegesis, especially that sympathy with the prophetic inspiration and that psychological insight the lack of which makes most commentaries, whether orthodox or the reverse, so uninteresting. The greater part of this volume is occupied with Jeremiah, of whom Ewald truly says that "there are aspects in which [he] exhibits the prophetic character in even a purer and more perfect form than Yesaya, and thus accomplishes the highest things possible within the limits of Old Testament prophecy." The translator still retains the pedantically accurate spelling of his author, which, in mercy to our printers, we have, however, altered in the above title of the book. The type in this volume has become smaller.

Eine Rede vom Auslegen ins Besondere des Alten Testaments. Von Adalbert Merx. (Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses.) An interest in the philological exegesis of the Bible, as Mr. Poole of the British Museum has well pointed out in last month's *Contemporary*, is, or ought to be, a bond of union between all well-trained theologians. There is, we may hope, hardly a word in this admirably-written tract of Prof. Merx (originally addressed to the members of the Theological Society of Baden) with which the present generation of theological students will not heartily agree. Perhaps, indeed, the example of our Lord's interpretation of the Old Testament (p. 41) may form a partial exception, for we can hardly expect many to follow Prof. Merx in his reference (distinctly contrary to New Testament usage) of

καταλύσαι in Matt. v., 17, to the familiar Jewish antithesis of "loosing" and "binding"—i.e., declaring legal or illegal. Perhaps, too, we must except a page (p. 27) in which we are first of all told that the Greek Church was right in limiting the so-called "perspicuity" of the Scriptures to those passages which relate to things necessary to salvation, whereas the author himself extends it to all those portions which make no reference to concrete historical facts; which reminds us of Lessing's famous dictum (so inconsistent with historical Christianity) that essential religion is independent of "contingent" historical facts. The uselessness of a purely grammatical explanation of the text without a sympathetic insight into the mind of the writer is shown with convincing force. The delusiveness of the so-called "practical" commentary, and of the allegories which pretend to open up the depths of Scripture, is shown in a style which is piquant without being disrespectful: and the fragments of truth which each one of the sections of Christendom has preserved are acutely indicated. There is no trace of hostility to the Church. Prof. Merx would doubtless accept the dictum of Delitzsch—indeed, he uses almost the same words—"It is the exposition of Scripture which is building up the Church of the Future;" though he is fully awake to the fact that before a satisfactory exposition can be given we must obtain as accurate a text as possible. We also notice with pleasure the high commendation given to Prof. Diestel's *History of the Old Testament in the Christian Church* (Jena, 1869). Without some knowledge of the phases through which exegesis has passed, the commentator will be sure to fall into antiquated errors and pernicious inconsistencies. Yet we believe it to be a fact that neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge is any provision made for the study of this very important subject.

Studien zur semitischen Religionsgeschichte. Von Wolf Wilhelm Graf Baudissin. Heft II. (Leipzig: Grunow.) The present volume is less adapted for review even than the former, owing to the extremely detailed character of the investigation, and the paucity of results (there are 280 pages on the Doctrine of Holiness, and Holy Waters, Trees, and Heights!). We have already drawn the reader's attention to this new instalment, and will only add a hearty commendation of both the parts which have as yet appeared to the Old Testament student. Thoroughness of treatment, caution in the admission of material, and sobriety of judgment, are the author's main characteristics; his judgment, however, does not seem quite equal to his learning. Among minor points of detail we notice a singular backwardness to recognise the mythic substratum of the Book of Jonah, and unacquaintance with more recent investigations of this substratum than F. C. Baur's premature attempt in 1837. The author is also perhaps too dogmatic in his identification of the goddesses Ashera and Astarte. The connexion of Asher and Asshur (due to Dr. Tiele, of Leyden) does not settle the question; etymology is only one element in problems of religious onomatology. In his collection of data relative to the Bamoth, "high-places" or local sanctuaries, he has omitted to refer to the cuneiform inscriptions (comp. *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, IV., i., 30).

The Messianic Prophecies. Being the Baird Lecture for 1879. By Paton James Gloag, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) A series of seven lectures, written from an old-fashioned orthodox point of view, and covering pretty completely the range of the Messianic controversy. Of critical power there is not a trace, and the treatment of fundamental points is meagre in the extreme. The author has evidently not passed through the school of doubt; tradition meets all his wants, both on the side of Biblical criticism and of speculation. There is, indeed, a good deal of useful preliminary information in his work, especially about the opinions of others, which may be

commended to young theological students, but we still hope for something more worthy of the subject and of the acute intellect of the philosophical North.

The Revelation of God and Man in the Son of God and the Son of Man. Six Sermons, with Two Essays from the *Theological Review*—I. "On the Doctrine of an Eternal Son;" II. "On Prayer." By John Hamilton Thom. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association.) There is still so much misconception of the modern Unitarian point of view that books like the present deserve a cordial welcome. That opposition to petrified Christian dogma and to Bibliolatry is amply justified, and that many bright and beautiful fragments of Christian truth and Biblical teaching are enshrined in the works of Dr. Martineau, and especially of Mr. Thom, what cultivated orthodox divine will wish to deny? How Mr. Thom can stop short where he does, and not go either forward or backward, is of course difficult for an outsider to understand; but there is, no doubt, the same difficulty with regard to a most respectable school in the Established Church. It can hardly be necessary to enter at length into the doctrines of this volume of sermons, the chief attraction of which consists in their chaste simplicity of language, and their reverence of tone. We may notice, however, the thoughtful discussion of the neo-orthodox doctrine of the Eternal Son in Communion with the Soul in the first of the appended essays, a doctrine which certainly seems to us, as to Mr. Thom, to obscure unduly the historical Christ of the Gospels. There is also a specially interesting sermon on the devotional and pastoral bearings of modern Unitarianism.

The History of the Israelites and Judeans, Philosophical and Critical. In Two Volumes. (Tribner.) A specimen of the trash which passes current among some "independent thinkers" as Biblical criticism. The author is apparently a countryman of Dr. Kuenen, who, however, would be as surprised as we are by the form as well as the matter of statements like the following:—"The worship of Jah, Jehu, or Jao, as it is written on the Abraxas gems, was originally an Egyptian culture [!];" and, "Neither Aristoteles nor Plinius appears to have been acquainted with any previous works by Solomon on Natural History [!]." The author's classical training is as defective as his English. "An Angel," he says, "is simply the eponymus for existing Perfection." His knowledge of Hebrew may be gauged by the remark that Jael is "a word compounded of Jah and El;" that Benaiah means "Son of Jah;" and—we can hardly write the astounding nonsense—that "the first Psalm still presents traces of an alteration from an ancient metrical hymn in honor [sic] of Ash-Toreth, the Goddess of Law [!], or the Moon." Such is the stock-in-trade of one who is ambitious of extirpating the superstitious element from religion.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua in the Light of the Science and Moral Sense of our Age. A Complement to all Criticisms of the Text. (Williams and Norgate.) This is a much more serious work than the above, though equally rationalistic, and but little more critical. "Near the end of a long life," the writer has felt compelled to give up his educational belief in the inspiration of the first six books of the Old Testament. As against some views of inspiration, his arguments (conveyed in a catechetical form) are no doubt of great force. Honesty and love of truth are perceptible throughout, but the author has had no training as a critic, and attaches too much weight to the fantastic theories of Bernstein. "Isra-El" becomes another form of the Semitic god El, and the sons of Jacob signs of the zodiac. We notice frequent references to a writer unknown to us, called "Kuehnen."

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. JOHN FISKE, author of *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, is to deliver a course of six lectures at University College, London, on June 11 and following Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 p.m., on "America's Place in History." These lectures will be open to both sexes without charge for admission. They will deal successively with the Discovery of America; Spanish and French Explorers; the Struggle between France and England; the Thirteen English Colonies; Causes of the Revolution; and the English Race.

WE are asked to say that all persons interested in the establishment of free libraries may obtain full printed particulars of the provisions and operation of the Public Libraries Acts from Mr. E. B. Nicholson, London Institution, Finsbury Circus, the Hon. Sec. of the lately founded Metropolitan Free Libraries Association.

MESSRS. BURNS AND OATES have in the press a volume of essays by Dr. W. G. Ward, reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, and entitled *Essays on Devotional and Scriptural Subjects*.

MR. BODDAM-WHETHAM'S *Roraima and British Guiana, with a Glance at Bermuda, the West Indies, and the Spanish Main*, will be published in a few days by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. The work will comprise some interesting particulars of Mr. Boddam-Whetham's journey to the mountain which forms the chief subject of his work.

MESSRS. BEMROSE have nearly ready *Clothing and Washing*, by Mrs. Greenup, adapted to the requirements of the Code of 1879.

WE are requested to state that Miss Amelia B. Edwards believes M. Maspero's lecture on "Souls in Ancient Egypt" to have been delivered during the month of February last. It was published in the *Revue Scientifique* for March 1; while Mr. Le Page Renouf's paper was communicated to the Society of Biblical Archaeology on March 4. That these two eminent Egyptologists should have been, as Mr. Le Page Renouf puts it, "led independently to identical results" on this interesting subject is worth noting as another item in the chapter of scientific coincidences.

It is proposed to raise a fund for the purpose of presenting to the University of London a portrait of Dr. Carpenter, in consideration of his exceptional services as Registrar of the University during a period of twenty-three years. The Honorary Secretaries are Messrs. J. G. Fitch and C. Knight Watson.

A NOVEL by Miss Georgiana M. Craik, entitled *Dorcas*, in three volumes, and *Glenmaria*, a novel by Miss Agnes Smith, author of *Effie Marwell*, likewise in three volumes, will be issued during the present month by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

THE new work on which Canon Farrar has for some years past been engaged will, we understand, be ready for publication next month. It will be entitled *The Life and Work of St. Paul*, and will be published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin in two volumes, uniform with the Library Edition of Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ*.

MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, author of *Northwood*, &c., has died recently at Boston, in her eighty-ninth year.

A MEMOIR of Mrs. Ranyard (the originator of the London Bible Woman Mission), founded on letters and information supplied by her family, and edited by Lady Kinnaird, is in preparation, and will be published shortly.

DR. R. C. A. PRIOR has nearly passed through the press a new edition (the third) of his excellent little annotated dictionary of the *Popular Names of British Plants* (Williams and Norgate).

PROF. WINDISCH is preparing for the press a large collection of Old Irish texts, with a glossary,

besides his Comparative Grammar of Irish and other Keltic languages.

ENQUIRIES having been made for the publisher of Mr. Ellacombe's *Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare*, which was not to be found in the British Museum a few weeks ago, we may state that the book is only to be had from the author, the Rev. H. N. Ellacombe, Vicarage, Bitton, Gloucestershire, and that the price is 8s. 6d. post free.

M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE is engaged on a new long poem, which he will but slowly bring to completion. It deals with an old theme in a modern time—the unrequited love of a woman of the *bourgeoisie* for a man who has made something of a place for himself in the world of letters and art.

MILLE SARAH BERNHARDT has promised to write for the *Gaulois* the *Impressions d'une Sociétaire en Voyage*.

THE *Miller of Wandsworth* (B. Quaritch) is a "tragic story of the Surrey Petition," told in rude rhyme by Colonel Colomb, R.A. The author shows a very minute knowledge of the history of the affair, and has made the gallant miller who dared to ask the Parliament for the release and restoration of Charles I. an interesting person. Sometimes Colonel Colomb's language is too modern for a rhyme which is "supposed to be writ by Richard Lovelace;" and occasionally it lacks the fire and music of the Cavalier singer. The little poem, however, has real spirit and "go," and furnishes a quarter-of-an-hour's agreeable reading.

A NEW volume of the *Eidgenössische Abschiede*, the most important literary undertaking of the Swiss Confederation, has lately been issued. The series of the old Federal "Abschiede" has drawn a step nearer to its completion by the present volume, which embraces the years 1533-1540. The book contains 1,300 pages, a large allowance for seven years of the history of so small an area of Europe. The principal interest, so far as concerns the outward configuration of the Swiss League, centres in the western parts of Switzerland, including the extension of the supremacy of Bern over the Vaud and over a portion of Savoy, the confirmation of the liberty of Geneva, and the relations of that Republic with the Swiss League. The inner affairs of the League, as illustrated in this volume, are predominantly religious. It unfolds the consequences of the great division on matters of faith and ecclesiastical jurisdiction which was fully completed during the foregoing decade, and exhibits the definite delimitation of the Catholic, Reformed, and so-called Parity cantons and districts, and the execution of the decisions of the Peace of Kappel. The volume has been edited by Herr Karl Deschwanden, of Stans, while a general supervision has been exercised by Dr. Kaiser, the learned Archivist of the Swiss Confederation.

THE seventeenth volume of the *Diaries of the city of Palermo*, from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, is now issued. It contains the continuation of the *Diario Palermitano* of Francesco Maria Emanuele e Gaetani from January 1776 to December 1779; and, like the preceding parts, is full of curious and minute details relating to historical facts, literature, and art.

THE last number of the *Archivio Storico Lombardo* is even more interesting than usual, for it includes certain memorials of the Certosa di Pavia, found among the MSS. of the Brera Library, and now published for the first time. Among them is a register of the different artists employed, a catalogue of their works, the price paid for them, and other notices forming precious additions to the history of this great monument of Lombard art. The same number contains the first part of an alphabetical catalogue of all MSS. relating to Lombard history existing in the Brera Library at Milan.

THE *Revista Contemporanea* of May 15 has the first part of an article on "The Doctrine of Evolution in modern Scientific Schools," by J. Sanchez de Toca. In it he warmly combats the views of Darwin and his followers. The present portion deals with the application of Evolution to language and anthropology. As to the former his conclusion is almost identical with that of Prince L.-L. Bonaparte in his *Verbe Basque*, "La Palabra en sí misma es eterna, no tiene otro origen que el VERBO;" but he is far from showing equal philological knowledge. R. B. Asenjo gives the first three chapters of "The only Tragedy of Aristophanes," a work apparently of the class of Becker's *Charicles*. The novel begun in this number is a translation of the late Julia Kavanagh's last tale, *A Fatal Love*.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND Co. are preparing for publication a series of books which will treat of the Principles, Methods, and History of Education, and will aim at affording trustworthy information with respect to the different systems of instruction adopted in Europe and America. While the area of subjects which this series is intended to cover will be sufficiently wide to give to it the completeness of a Cyclopaedia of Education, each subject will be discussed with that reference to practical details which its relations to school management may require. In the composition of the several volumes, the requirements of teachers in secondary as well as primary schools will be carefully kept in view; and, while due attention will be given to the discussion of "Elementary Subjects," an attempt will be made to explain the best methods of teaching those branches of knowledge which are included in the *curricula* of higher classical and modern schools. The various volumes will be written by experienced teachers, or by specialists who have devoted much time and study to the subjects of which they will treat, and the whole series will be under the editorial care of Mr. Philip Magnus.

THE question of International Copyright with the United States is discussed in *Macmillan* for this month. What we must now regard as the "irreducible minimum" of American publishers is expounded by Mr. S. S. Conant, who dates from Franklin Square, New York, which, we believe, corresponds to our own Paternoster Row. To this exposition is appended a criticism from the English point of view, characterised rather by smartness of style than by a desire for any amicable termination to the long controversy. Mr. Conant, no doubt, has exposed himself to the imputation of holding a brief for the publishing trade, while he professes to be alone anxious for the interests of the reading public. But it should be recollected that in America it has become a deep-seated habit to consider the consumer through the medium of the producer. Protection is based upon patriotism, or what is thought to be such; and trade interests are far more powerful than in this country. Mr. Conant, therefore, is not necessarily insincere when he argues that American readers will never tolerate the importation of English literature, manufactured in English presses and bound in English covers. Again, it must not be forgotten that the American public have become habituated to cheap reprints, which they purchase with no greater consciousness of moral delinquency than is felt by the British tourist when he smuggles a "Tauchnitz" across the Channel. When we ask the Americans to concede international copyright, we are demanding of them an indirect tax which will be felt in every household, for the sake of a comparatively small number of English authors. Policy, if not fairness, requires that we should admit to our favourable consideration all suggestions of compromise from their side, and at least refrain from the easy reply of gibes and sneers.

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE, author of *Lorna Doone*, will commence a short story in the *Fishing Gazette* of June 13, entitled "Crocker's Hole."

THE annual meeting of the members of the London Library, which was held last week, received an additional importance from the fact that the committee managing its affairs had recommended the members to acquire the complete control of the house (No. 13 St. James's Square) in which the books are now contained. The lease of the premises, which have been occupied by the library for thirty-five years, will expire in 1887, and the committee had obtained from the lessor a statement of the terms on which the reversionary interest in the building might be purchased. On the proposition of Lord Houghton, supported by Mr. Gladstone, the committee was authorised, after some slight criticism of the details of the plan for obtaining the necessary funds, to accept the terms required for making the building the freehold property of the library, the convenience of the situation and the expense of removing the books combining to make this resolution a necessity. The committee was able to report that the number of volumes belonging to the library amounted to nearly 90,000—over 2,650 volumes and pamphlets having been added since the date of the previous annual meeting—and that more than 80,000 volumes were sent out for circulation during the past year. There was a gratifying increase both in the number of the members and in the income, the financial gain of the year amounting to nearly 1,000*l.* The calculation of the members on the register of the library showed a total number of 1,660.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE June number of the *Monthly Record of Geography* opens with the address on the progress of geography which was delivered by Mr. Clements R. Markham at the anniversary meeting last week. This will be found to contain a very useful summary of the work accomplished during the past year in nearly all parts of the world, but especially in Asia. The Hydrographer follows with an account of the Admiralty surveys, in the course of which he tells us that a survey of the east coast of Kiusiu, including the entrance to the Boungo channel, will shortly be undertaken by the Japanese Hydrographic Department. Capt. T. H. Holdich, R.E., contributes a paper, illustrated by a sketch-map, on the Mardian Hills and the Lower Indravati, in the Bustar Dependency of British India. The geographical notes contain much interesting information, more particularly as regards the topographical labours of the Russians in the Kirghiz Steppe and Turkestan and their Trans-Caspian territory. There is also a carefully condensed account of Lieut. Wheeler's surveying operations in Oregon during 1878. The remaining contents of the number include an obituary notice of Commander G. O. Musters, R.N., the adventurous traveller in Patagonia; a brief record of the proceedings of the French and Russian Geographical Societies; and notes on new books and maps.

M. MIKHAILOV MAKLAJ has started for Sydney, in company with an Italian, Signor Bruno, on a visit to New Guinea, New Britain, and other islands in that region. They have hired a vessel for a year, and it is understood that their expedition has both scientific and commercial objects in view.

A RUSSIAN expedition under MM. Potanin and Adranoff, which is about to undertake scientific investigations in Eastern Turkestan and Mongolia, has left St. Petersburg for Omak and Biisk, whence their final start will be made. The principal points in the route the expedition will follow are Koschagatch, Kobdo, Ulangol, and the source of the Yenisei river. They will spend the winter at Irkutsk, and start again in the spring to explore the region between Urga and Uliassutai.

THE Free Church of Scotland have recently received from Dr. Laws, of Livingstonia, an account of another journey up the west side of Lake

Nyassa, undertaken in January last in continuation of his previously recorded explorations in search of suitable sites for mission stations.

MR. FRED. JEPPE, who is known as the author of a useful map of the Transvaal and surrounding districts, has just published (Pretoria: Deecker and Co.) a little volume entitled *Transvaal Book Almanac and Directory for 1879*, which includes, among other matter, an historical sketch of the country and a description of its general position, boundaries, area, divisions, rivers, mountains, agriculture, minerals, climate, &c.

UNDER the title of *Le Royaume d'Annam et les Annamites: Journal de Voyage*, M. J. L. Dutreuil de Rhins gives us (Paris: Plon) some account of his experiences in that country. The volume contains illustrations and maps, one of which is chiefly constructed from the author's own surveys.

MM. PAUL DREYFUS AND A. LUCY propose to undertake the publication of an *Annuaire Général des Sociétés de Géographie*, in order to meet an acknowledged want caused by the much greater interest taken nowadays in geographical matters. The work is intended to contain the regulations of all geographical societies; a list of the members of the French, but only of the councils or committees of foreign, societies; and an analytical *résumé* of their labours during the previous year.

IN the note last week on the subject of the employment of elephants as a means of transport for exploring expeditions in the interior of Africa, it should have been stated that each animal would carry as much as fifteen, not sixty *pagani*, each of whom usually carries a load of about 60 lb.

OXFORD LETTER.

Oxford: June 2, 1879.

A change of some importance to this university has been affirmed and reaffirmed by considerable majorities during the past six months. So long as our examinations remain the chief end for which man is believed to exist, any alterations in them, whether for the worse or for the better, must affect us deeply. Consequently the conclusion at which the university has arrived after mature deliberation and delay, that the examinations in the final honour schools shall take place once a year instead of twice, is a conclusion which is likely to have serious results in the future. It is due to the growing conviction that education may after all be better than examining and being examined, and that the experiment of devoting two out of our three academical terms to steady study is worth trying. As things are at present, the lectures and teaching received by candidates for the honour schools have to be crowded into a single term, the premature activity of the examiner demoralising or annihilating the lectures of the other two. It is difficult to lecture when half the class may be called away to the examination-room just when the lecturer has reached the middle and heart of his subject, or to derive much benefit from a lecture when every moment has to be employed in "cramming up" the odds and ends of undigested note-books. Hence the strong feeling which has gradually grown up that it is desirable for both teacher and taught to disturb and break up the educational arrangements of the university only once in six months, and to devote the rest of the time to quiet preparation and uninterrupted work. Circumstances just now favour the advocates of the new scheme. Owing to the period at which most of the undergraduates now matriculate, the candidates for the final honour examinations tend to crowd into their several schools at one and the same time. The examiners are overworked in the summer and underworked in the winter, which is perhaps not to be regretted considering the temperature of the rooms in which they have to sit.

It will be some time yet before the new scheme is in actual operation, and meanwhile we may

profitably study the working of the system at Cambridge, and possibly derive some further lessons of wisdom from the sister-university. One result of it will probably be to shorten the period which the candidate for a class spends in Oxford, and this result will doubtless be welcomed both by those who think that the undergraduate now lingers here longer than is good for either his purse or his settlement in life, and by those who wish to extend the time he is compelled to devote to "cram" as little beyond the age of adult life as possible. However this may be, the excitement caused by the proposal, and the keen and eloquent harangues it has called forth, prove what a fatherly interest we still take in the intellectual welfare of the younger generation. If only our civilisation were as old as that of China, we might hope to turn them all into first-class mandarins.

To pass to such uncongenial appendages of the university as unremunerative study and professors who do not lecture for the schools may be thought a descent; nevertheless I cannot omit to notice a new and interesting work by Mr. Nutt, and a course of lectures delivered partly last term, partly this, by Prof. Rhys. Mr. Nutt, who, I regret to say, is about to relinquish his librarianship in the Bodleian, has edited from a unique Bodleian MS. a commentary on Isaiah by Rabbi Eleazar of Beaugenci, and has prefaced it with a valuable account of Biblical exegesis among the Spanish and French Jews of the Middle Ages. The nineteenth century is not the first in which the politics of Christian Europe have been governed by the wisdom of the chosen race; a thousand years ago, a Jew, Judah, was the trusted adviser of Charles the Bald, and the controller of the national destiny. It was in Spain, under the fostering influences of Mohammedan culture, that Jewish thought and literature first became independent and fruitful; and the impulse, when communicated to southern France, produced there such scholars as Samuel Tibbon, who turned the historical narratives of the Old Testament into allegories, or Ralbag of Bagnoles, who discovered the philosophy of Aristotle in the sacred text. The Jews of the North were more practical, and also, it must be added, more orthodox; one of the latter, Gershom ben Judah, of Metz, is worth notice as having assembled a council at Worms which prohibited polygamy.

The object of Prof. Rhys's lectures has been to show how a careful treatment of Irish and Welsh legend and a scientific investigation of the Celtic languages confirm the conclusions of ethnology as to the existence of a non-Aryan population in these islands at the time when the Kelts first took possession of them. This population still remains predominant in Ireland, which received its name from one of their principal tribes; and Cormac's glossary, compiled in the ninth century, contains two or three words belonging to their language. In the Irish traditions they frequently go under the opprobrious title of Fírlbois, or "pot-bellied folk," and various terms of abuse are applied to them. I have long been of opinion that the Arthurian legend in this country is at bottom of non-Aryan origin.

The great work undertaken by Prof. Max Müller of editing representative translations of the Sacred Books of the World has just borne its first fruits. The first three volumes are on the point of appearing, appropriately dedicated to Lord Salisbury, Sir Henry Maine, and the Dean of Christ Church, and fifty-five pages are occupied by the Editor's Preface and explanation of the system of transliteration employed in the work. Prof. Max Müller begins with three cautions—for those who forget that the grain is mixed with the chaff in the sacred books of the past, as in most other things; for those who overlook the difficulties involved in making a right use of translations; and for those who do not realise what is possible and what is impossible in rendering ancient thought into modern speech. The Preface, I

think, will not be the least-studied part of the work, and certainly those who would benefit by the translations offered to them cannot afford to neglect its lessons and warnings.

Those who are interested in university matters may find worse employment than in reading an account of "Modern Reforms in the English Universities," which Prof. L. Jolly has given in the forty-third volume of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. It is seldom that a foreigner has such an accurate and complete knowledge of the complicated politics of our English universities as Dr. Jolly possesses, and when he has his criticism is especially valuable. The outsider, so the old proverb teaches us, sees most of the game. The condition of the universities; the evil influence competitive examinations have exercised upon them; the history of the movement which resulted in the present University Commission, and the disappointment its well-marked tendencies have caused among the advocates of learning and research, are all stated with remarkable accuracy and fullness. Let those who are inclined to despair of the university take comfort from the concluding words of the article:—

"Should the germ now being planted produce a Professoriate in the German sense of the term, and consequently a body of men who will devote themselves to research, and at the same time attract students to a really scientific course of study, which the schoolboy education provided by the colleges will only complement, a time will come for further building on the foundation already laid with the help of those splendid resources which even now lie ready at hand and only await their proper application."

I have left to the end of my letter the proposal lately passed by an unexpectedly large majority to create a new degree in natural science which shall take the place for those who desire it of the time-honoured degree in arts. The proposal, however, is by no means universally popular. The extreme left hold that it has the appearance of a concession to the claims of natural science without the reality of being one, since the candidate will have to qualify himself rather in languages and mathematics than in the subject for which the degree professes to be given; while the extreme right see in it the thin end of the wedge which is to expel Greek from both university and school, and consider that, if we must make our choice between banishing Greek or Latin from the education of the place, Latin ought to go rather than Greek. Whatever be the merits or demerits of the proposal, however, it is not likely that many will take advantage of it.

A. H. SAYCE.

CAPT. CAMERON'S JOURNEY THROUGH ASIATIC TURKEY.

COMMANDER V. L. CAMERON, R.N., C.B., the well-known African explorer, has just completed an interesting journey in the East. After a brief visit to Cyprus, he spent some little time at Beyrout preparing for his work, and thence proceeded, by way of Baalbeck and Homs (85 miles N.N.E. of Damascus), to Tripoli on the Mediterranean. From this place he worked back to Homs by a route which he considers decidedly the best for a railway. He next made his way by Hamah and Marah to Aleppo, where his companion was unfortunately taken ill. Capt. Cameron, however, turned this unavoidable detention to account by going to Jerablus to commence the excavations for the British Museum on what is supposed to have been the site of the ancient Karchemish. Rejoining his friend at Aleppo, he went by Mombedj (Hierapolis) to Jerablus and Biredjik, and thence to Orfa. From Orfa Capt. Cameron went to Diarbekr, and then returning to Orfa, by Haran and Rasel Ain to Mardin; from that place he proceeded to Nisibin and then direct to Mosul. From Mosul he travelled down the right bank of the Tigris to Bagdad, a distance of 816 miles, visiting Tekrit and Samara on the road. Capt.

Cameron, after a careful examination of the country, is of opinion that there are no physical difficulties in the way of constructing a railroad, and he thinks that the local traffic alone would prove remunerative. Between Bagdad and Bushire, which should be the Persian Gulf terminus of the Indo-Mediterranean railway, there is nothing to prevent such a work from being carried out. By this route Kurrachee could be brought within eight days of London.

Though Capt. Cameron's forthcoming account of his journey, which we have thus briefly sketched, cannot, of course, be expected to furnish such valuable geographical and ethnographical information as that of his famous walk across Africa, it will no doubt contain much that is of interest in regard to the physical features and commercial geography of the region visited.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- CAMPBELL, Sir G. White and Black in the United States. Chatto & Windus. 14s.
 FITZPATRICK, W. J. Life of Charles Lever. Chapman & Hall. 30s.
 HUTCHINSON, Mrs. In Tents in the Transvaal. Bentley. 10s. 6d.
 KREULE, R. Ueb. e. griechisches Vasengemälde im akademischen Kunstmuseum zu Bonn. Bonn: Strauss. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 LASAULT, A. v. Sicilien. Bonn: Strauss. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 MALLOCK, W. H. Is Life worth living? Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.
 MUELLER, W. Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart. XII. Das Jahr 1878. Berlin: Springer. 4 M. 20 Pf.
 NICOLARDOT, L. Les cours et les salons au XVIII^e siècle. Paris: Dentu.
 PROKISS, R. Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Hoftheaters zu Dresden in actenmässiger Darstellg. Erfurt: Bartholomäus. 7 M. 50 Pf.
 SCHNEIDER, K. Cypern unter den Engländern. Cöln: Du Mont-Schauberg. 3 M.
 SCOTT, Sir G. Gilbert. Personal and professional Recollections. Sampson Low & Co. 18s.

History.

- FRIEDMANN, O. B. 10 Jahre österreichischer Politik 1859-1869. 1. Bd. Wien: Rosner. 7 M. 20 Pf.
 GOEBBELS, E. F., u. H. ROHRICH. Arabische Quellenbeiträge zur Geschichte der Kreuzzüge übers. u. hrsg. 1. Bd. Berlin: Weidmann. 8 M.
 KEENE, H. G. The Turks in India. W. H. Allen & Co. 12s. 6d.
 PAVINSKI, A. De rebus ac statu ducatus Prussiae tempore Alberti senioris, Marchionis Brandenburgensis, illo vero mortuo Alberti junioris duces Prussiae, an. 1566-1568. Marbach: Gebethner & Wolff. 10 M.
 SCHÖBER, K. Die Eroberung Niederösterreichs durch Mathias Corvinus in den J. 1482-1490. Wien: Hölder. 5 M. 20 Pf.
 SIMPSON, H. T. Archaeologia Adelsensis: or, a History of the Parish of Adel. W. H. Allen & Co. 21s.
 SWEDEN AND NORWAY, H. M. the King of. Memoir of Charles XII. Bentley. 12s.
 WIGGER, F. Geschichte der Familie v. Blücher. 2. Bd. 2. Abth. Schwerin: Stiller. 6 M.
 ZIMMER, H. Altindisches Leben. Die Cultur der vedischen Arier nach den Samhita dargestellt. Berlin: Weidmann. 10 M.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- CALDERWOOD, H. The Relations of Mind and Brain. Macmillan. 12s.
 DRECHSLER, A. Ergebnisse v. fünfzigjährigen Beobachtungen der Witterung zu Dresden. Dresden: Baensch. 10 M.
 EYFFERTH, B. Schizophyten u. Flagellaten. Braunschweig: Haering. 3 M. 40 Pf.
 MILNE-EDWARDS, H. Leçons sur la physiologie et l'anatomie comparée de l'homme et des animaux. T. 12. Paris: Masson. 15 fr.
 PFEIFFER, L., et S. CLESSIN. Nomenclator heliocorum viventium. 2. u. 3. Lfg. Cassel: Fischer. 4 M. 80 Pf.

Philology.

- CULMANN, F. W. Etymologische Aufsätze u. Grundsätze. II. Umschau auf dem Gebiete der Wurzel ja=ju. Leipzig: Fleischer. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 TAYLOR, Isaac. Greeks and Goths: a Study on the Runes. Macmillan. 9s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SPANISH ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

Aix-la-Chapelle: May 22, 1879.

Prof. Lütolf, of Lucerne, whose untimely death is lamented, not only in his own country, but by all friends of historical literature (*vide ACADEMY*, No. 365), published about two years ago, in the Tübingen *Theologische Quartalschrift*, a paper of some interest for the annals of maritime discovery and colonisation in the fourteenth and fifteenth

centuries. Under the title of "Zur Geschichte der Entdeckung der westafrikanischen Inseln," this paper reproduces the account contained in a work called *De nobilitate et rusticitate*, by Felix Hemmerlin (Lat. Malleolus)—a Swiss divine, who studied at Bologna, visited Rome in the time of Pope Martin V., and was present at the Councils of Constance and Bale—a work composed between 1440 and 1445. According to this writer, a Spanish bishop, Otho de Moncada, of Tortosa—created a cardinal in 1440 by the Antipope Felix V. (Duke Amadeus VIII. of Savoy), who five years later resigned this dignity into the hands of Pope Eugenius IV.—told him of the "almost miraculous discovery in 1370 of some western islands" by Spanish seamen, who, having been pursued by pirates, were driven by a strong gale during nine days in a south-westerly direction, until their galley came within sight of a mountainous island. They were kindly received by the inhabitants, clad in skins, looking rather like monkeys than human beings, and altogether in the lowest stage of civilisation, for they did not know the use of fire for cooking their meals, and had no notion of family bonds, the women being in common, and children fed like animals, while their language resembled a sort of howling. The Spaniards remained some days with these wild but quite inoffensive people, who procured them whatever they wanted—oxen, sheep, and birds—and appeared to relish greatly their boiled and roast meat. After this, they visited, in the company of some of them, three neighbouring islands, the inhabitants of which—who spoke a somewhat different language—received them equally well; while those of a fifth large and mountainous island did not allow them to land. Finally the Spaniards departed and reached home after a very slow and difficult voyage, being obliged to make partial use of their oars. Their adventure having been related to the King of Aragon, Pedro IV., the consequence was the sending of some Franciscan friars and of labourers and workmen, who succeeded in introducing among the people the principles of civilisation and of the Christian faith, so that in course of time they ended by recognising the King of Aragon as their lord and sovereign.

The description, as Hemmerlin alleges it to have been made by the Bishop of Tortosa, alludes distinctly to the Canaries. The difficulty remains in the fact that they were discovered, half-a-century before the time mentioned, by Genoese seamen, referred to by Petrarch, who, about the year 1346, was the first to speak of the islands; while the most ancient description, in consequence of an expedition undertaken in 1341 by Italian merchants established at Lisbon, is contained in a manuscript of Boccaccio's, published in 1827 by Prof. Ciampi, late of the University of Pisa. Though the islands were known to Spain and Italy, the visits to them appear to have been very hasty, and no effort at settlement or colonisation was made. Evidently the Swiss clergyman created a confusion in rendering the narrative of Moncada, with regard to different dates in the history of the discovery; but this narrative is right in mentioning the sending of clergymen in order to obtain the conversion of the inhabitants, a fact which serves to gain credence for the tale of the galley. Raynaldus, in his continuation of Baronius's *Annals*, has a bull of Pope Urban V. (Guillaume de Grimoard), dated Viterbo, September 2, 1369, and directed to the Bishops of Barcelona and Tortosa, ordering them to send friars and secular priests for the purpose of preaching the word of God to the inhabitants of "Insulae fortunatae"—"personae nullam legem tenentes nec aliquam sectam sequentes"—of whose condition the Pope had been informed by Barcelona merchants. All this coincides with Hemmerlin's narrative, which merely puts the fact a year later, when the Pope's orders must have been executed. These Christianising labours did not proceed, however, quite so peacefully as the account states, and

the Spaniards, taking possession of the islands, came in aid of these labours *more solito*.

The question of the nationality of the inhabitants of the Canaries—the Guanches, Guanci, Wanschen, generally thought to be of the Berber race, but perhaps not belonging to an identical race on all the islands—has lately been again the subject of discussion. Prof. von Löher, director of the Bavarian Archives, having visited the Canaries a few years ago, has been endeavouring, though apparently with no very great success, to represent the indigenes as descendants of the Vandals, parties of whom, after Belisarius' victory as well as when many of them contrived to escape from Byzantine captivity, are said to have fled into Mauritania Tingitana, after which, according to the geographer of Ravenna, they disappeared—"gens nunquam comparuit." The absolute want of any sort of culture seems to tell against such an opinion, besides other reasons deduced from the outward appearance of the Guanches. It is, indeed, difficult to admit that the remnants of a Germanic race, rough, indeed, but which had during a long time been in contact with civilisation, and had formed a powerful though short-lived State in a province of the Roman Empire, could have been so thoroughly brutalised as appears to have been the case with the inhabitants of the Canaries.

Prof. Lütolf adverts to the circumstance that the first mention of these islands is due to a Tuscan, Petrarch (as had been done already by Las Casas), and that the first map on which they appear is a Florentine one of 1351, given by Count Baldelli in his edition of Marco Polo. The latest German authors who have written on the discovery of the Canaries, are—besides Franz von Löher, already mentioned (1876)—Carl Ritter, in his lectures on the history of geography (1861); Oscar Peschel, in the *Geschichte des Zeitalters der Entdeckungen* (1858); and Friedrich Kunstmann, *Africa vor den Entdeckungen der Portugiesen* (1853).
 A. DE REUMONT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, June 9.—8 P.M. British Architects.
 8.30 P.M. Geographical: "The Flora of the European Alps," by J. Bail.
 TUESDAY, June 10.—1 P.M. Horticultural.
 3 P.M. Royal Institution: "The Intellectual Movement of Germany," by Prof. Hillebrand.
 8 P.M. Anthropological Institute: "Notes on some Cornish and Irish Prehistoric Monuments," by Miss A. W. Buckland; "Some Facts about Japan and its People," by C. Pfundner.
 8 P.M. Colonial Institute: "Tasmania, Past and Present," by Dr. J. L. Miller.
 8 P.M. Photographic.
 8.30 P.M. Biblical Archaeology: "The Abyssinian or Aethiopic Book of Baruch," by the Rev. J. M. Rodwell; "Egyptian Documents relating to Statues of the Dead," by G. Maspero; "Early Babylonian Inscriptions," by W. St. C. Boswell.
 WEDNESDAY, June 11.—8 P.M. Geological.
 8 P.M. Microscopical: "New Method of Correcting Spherical Aberration," by Prof. Abbe; "Note on Prof. Abbe's Apertometer," by F. H. Wenham; "On the Theory of Illuminating Apparatus employed with the Microscope," by Dr. Fripp.
 THURSDAY, June 12.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "The Intellectual Movement of Germany," by Prof. Hillebrand.
 4 P.M. Royal Society: Election of Fellows.
 8 P.M. Mathematical: "Notes on the Momental Plane, on a Property of Plane Curves, and on a Prize Question of the Belgian Academy of Sciences," by J. J. Walker; "Notes on Determinants of Dimensions," by Lloyd Tanner; "Cases of polygonal Inscription in a Circle," by the Rev. Dr. Freeth.
 8 P.M. Historical: "Advances of the Christian Civilisation in Europe," by the Rev. W. I. Irons; "History of the Chapel Royal of Stirling," by the Rev. Dr. Rogers.
 8.30 P.M. Antiquaries.
 FRIDAY, June 13.—8 P.M. Astronomical.
 8 P.M. Quakett.
 8 P.M. New Shakspere Society: Paper by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke; "The Genesis of the Tempest," by the Rev. B. F. de Costa.
 9 P.M. Royal Institution: "The Thunderer Gun Explosion," by F. J. Bramwell.
 SATURDAY, June 14.—3 P.M. Physical: "On the Suppression of the Induction Disturbance of the Telephone," by Prof. H. M. Leod; "On the sensitive State of electric Discharges through rarefied Media," by W. Spottiswoode and J. F. Moulton; "On a new measuring Polariscopes," by Prof. W. G. Adams.
 8.45 P.M. Botanic.

SCIENCE.

Chapters on the Art of Thinking, and other Essays. By the late James Hinton; with an Introduction by Shadworth Hodgson. Edited by C. H. Hinton. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

IT is probable that the interesting memoir of James Hinton recently published by Miss E. Hopkins first brought this strange and solitary thinker under the notice of a considerable number of readers; and it is to be hoped that many of those who in this way first became acquainted with the name of James Hinton will read the volume of essays since published. If they do so they will perhaps share in the feeling of surprise of the present writer that he had not sooner come into contact with so fresh, so ardent, and so rare a mind. One's first reflection on reading these short stimulating papers, which are like so many beams of light glancing here and there on widely-removed objects, and everywhere illuminating and beautifying with their touch, is that here is an intellect which ought to be one of the great stirring forces in contemporary thought. And this impression is supported by the highly appreciative account of Hinton given by Mr. Shadworth Hodgson in his Introduction. In Hinton we have the curious phenomenon of a thinker who approached philosophy from two opposite extremities in the modern world of thought—orthodox Christian belief, and advanced scientific knowledge. His great aim was, as Mr. Hodgson tells us, to re-establish a theoretical concord out of the harsh discords of contemporary discussion. Can it be said that he has succeeded in this? Will he at some future day, if not now, be reckoned among the first reconstructive thinkers of his age?

Mr. Hodgson gives us his voucher that Hinton will hold a high place among the philosophical writers of our generation. In this opinion he is, of course, as he well knows, out of fashion, as he certainly is in speaking of Samuel Taylor Coleridge as one "whose name will one day be recognised as the greatest which English philosophy can boast," and probably is in describing Mr. Matthew Arnold as one "who, if he had not so much of the *philosophe malgré lui* about him, would stand at the head of philosophy in this country." But unfashionable estimates may be more just than fashionable ones, and history tells us that a great thinker does not always win instant recognition. Mr. Hodgson speaks of Hinton as "the hander on of Coleridge's torch." Coleridge was a real intellectual force, nobody doubts. Why may not Hinton prove to be an equal force for his age? In seeking to answer this question it must be remembered that the problem of reconciling religious and scientific modes of thought has greatly changed since Coleridge's time. Then Christianity could still boast of having contributed a number of definite ideas and elements of knowledge to the commonly-accepted thought of the age, and the work of reconciliation consisted simply in transforming the dogmas of Christianity so as to divest them of as much of the appearance of philosophical and ethical unreasonableness as possible. Now, however, when de-

structive historical criticism has done its work, when a comparative science of religions has got men half-unknowingly into the way of overlooking the exclusive claims of any one form to validity, and when the theory of evolution has made havoc of the old basis of natural religion, the task of reconciling religious and scientific thought is infinitely more difficult. For the question arises, What is the religious thought with which science and a philosophy based on science are to harmonise? Christianity at present survives in many of the best minds simply as a transmitted habit of feeling about man and his dwelling-place. The problem, then, would seem to resolve itself into this: how to correlate the products of scientific research and philosophical reflection with the impulses of our emotional nature as shaped by long ages of religious belief. There are two ways of attempting this. We may first of all keep ourselves strictly within the domain of intellectual cognition and seek to give to the objects of this cognition—that is, to the known world—such an imaginative colouring as will render them fit points of attraction for emotion, as Mr. Matthew Arnold does. Or, secondly, we may regard our emotional nature as a perfectly free and independent source of knowledge, in which case we shall have to reconcile the ideas thence derived with the facts and truths reached by the intellect. This is what Hinton attempts. Can this be done, and, if so, of what philosophical value is the result? Let us approach these questions by studying Hinton's way of dealing with the problem.

Science, says Hinton, by breaking up the world into distinct regions, mind and matter, the organic and the inorganic, inevitably leads to error. The world is in reality a unity, though the unaided intellect cannot perceive this. The writer does, indeed, argue in places as if the intellect might itself have suspected this unity. Thus he emphasises the fact of the close dependences of the moral on the physical and the many analogies holding between them. In insisting, too, on the vital unity of the material world, he seems to rely on an *a priori* presumption in favour of unity, as also on the axiom that whatever is in the effect (the organic world) must be in the cause also (the inorganic world). But, so far as we understand him, such intellectual guesswork would never give us knowledge of the world's unity. What science and intellectual philosophy tell us is that the material world is not the real world, "matter" and "force" being simply names of phenomena as cognised by our minds. The real knowledge of what the world is comes from the co-operation of our emotional with our intellectual nature. The phenomenon as it presents itself to the intellect is incomplete and unreal, just as the appearance to sensuous (visual) perception. And as the appearances of things to the eye must be supplemented and corrected by the activity of intellect (as in construing double-images), so the phenomenal aspects of things as cognised by the intellect must be supplemented and corrected by the intuitions of our emotional, and more especially our moral, nature. Thus the world seems broken up into two

opposed hemispheres, and the inorganic seems dead, just because of a deadness in us—that is to say, a defect in our cognitive apparatus. All true knowledge grows by way of a displacement of a partial and erroneous by a complete and true view, or by "a correction of the premiss." The whole development of science illustrates this law. The reconciliation of science and religion will be the final triumph of this process. When this is effected, it will be seen that the physical and the spiritual are not two worlds, but one, the former being the appearance of which the latter is the reality. Uniformity and mechanical determination in the phenomenal world will be carried up into moral rightness, which is at once freedom and necessity, while the active force of nature which is ever producing a picturesque alternation of death and life, cessation and origination, will be felt to be self-sacrificing love.

No one can follow Hinton's exquisitely lucid development of the theory thus roughly summarised without experiencing a keen intellectual pleasure. There is such a completeness and symmetry in the doctrine, it seems to lift us so entirely out of the narrow confines within which positive science leaves us, opening before our eyes wide regions of grateful spiritual truth, that our intellectual assent is at once secured. When, however, cool reflection has had time to do its work there naturally arise certain doubts in the reader's mind. First of all, one may ask whether after all this beautiful and emotionally satisfying conception of the world does fit in with known facts. It is easy to say that our moral nature furnishes ideas which have nothing to do with the teachings of experience, which being above and beyond these cannot conflict with them. Yet a closer inspection commonly shows that experience has something to say about such theories if only by way of supplying faint probabilities. And so it is here. Hinton's pacifying interpretation of the Cosmos has a good many awkward facts to get over before it can be accepted; and it is not a little strange that a writer so well versed in modern biological science should so easily have passed these by. Whatever the permanent value of the modern doctrine of evolution, and more especially Darwinism, in relation to our moral emotions, we may safely say that it will not lend itself to the old jubilant praise of nature. And that Hinton's mind was so little impressed by the darker aspects of this teaching can only be explained by the fact of his deep temperamental optimism, a characteristic of his nature which nowhere more plainly shows itself than in his intensely sympathetic yet quite inadequate treatment of "the mystery of pain."

But even if this new rendering of the universe as the undivided sway of Love instead of the disputed reign of Love and Hate were fully reconcilable with ascertained facts, it would still remain a question whether such a proposed emotional completion of our insight into things has any validity. It is to be noticed that Hinton takes up a somewhat different ground from that commonly adopted by the advocates of extra-intellectual beliefs. He does not, with

Kant, rest his postulates altogether on certain supposed necessities of our moral nature, or say, with the common advocates of instinctive religious conviction, that the belief is true because it is inevitable. His original point is the attempt to prove an analogy between the relation of the emotions to the intellect and the relation of the latter to isolated sensuous perception. And this seems to us to be a decidedly weak element in Hinton's system. The correction of visual perception—e.g., in seeing double images—is in reality the correction of one process of inference by another. So, too, the most abstract conceptions into which science translates phenomena are ultimately derived from sensuous elements: that is to say, the whole process of intellection from the simplest sensuous perception is homogeneous and continuous. On the other hand, when we supplement intellectual cognition by emotional belief we are passing into a totally new and unconnected region. There is nothing in common between the knowledge that a thing exists and the wish for it to exist, and to speak of this process of eking out intellectual acquisitions by emotional suggestions as "a correction of the premiss" is to use words loosely and misleadingly. Thus Hinton's main contention is, in spite of its attractiveness, untenable. For the rest it would remain for him to show why one class of emotions is to be taken as giving the clue to the world's mystery rather than another. The pessimist's picture of the universe as the great theatre of action for a daemonic self-tormenting will appears to satisfy a certain kind of emotion, and it is a fair enquiry what is to determine the preference among these rival sentiments.

We have gone somewhat fully into the leading conceptions in Hinton's philosophy. Yet perhaps one ought rather to look at his thought less in a spirit of strict logical criticism than in one of imaginative appreciation. Lange thought that all philosophy should be regarded as akin to poetry, and certainly this rule is applicable to Hinton's speculations. A man who so frankly avows that he seeks to satisfy at once our intellects and our emotions is best viewed perhaps as a kind of poet. Looking at Hinton's writings in this light one will derive a rich gratification from the art of the writer in tracing out by means of subtle analogies the manifold expression of one or two simple ideas in the most widely remote regions of phenomena. I would refer more especially to the curious essays entitled "Art," "On Two Penholders," and "Genius." Hinton's conception of Genius is striking and suggestive, if a little too paradoxical:—

"So far from genius being greatness, and indicating power, it is emphatically the reverse. The men of talent are the men of power; they are the strong. The affinities of genius are with weakness. His faculty is that he opposes no obstacles; that his strength is taken out of the way, and Nature operates through him. The truth is 'loosened' in his mind, and falls; but it falls by its own weight, not by his energy" (pp. 237-8).

Hinton's deepest feelings were those severe ethico-religious emotions which are the proper fruit of Biblical training. These gave its direction to his imagination, which,

being pre-occupied in discerning remote resemblances, gave birth to a curious kind of mysticism. To Hinton all things are full of the Divine justness and goodness. Thus he surpasses Mr. Ruskin in regarding the quality of moral rightness as the essential feature in good art. In Hinton, moreover, as in his Hebrew teachers, this ethical feeling takes a thoroughly practical turn. He is thus much more a moral teacher than a poet. Being so much of a Hebrew, he was but little of a Greek, and his feeling for beauty seems to be but little developed in relation to other than moral qualities. It may be added that his chaste and simple style is thoroughly in harmony with his special function of moral suasion. Nothing shows better the essentially moral and practical direction of his thought than the curious little paper "Others' Needs" reprinted in this volume. It displays all the inadequacy and absurdity of the ethical principle *vivre pour autrui* in clearest light, yet it is so neatly thought out, so highly finished in its expression, and morally so impressive and elevating, that the reader easily overlooks the logical incompleteness of the argument.

A word must be said in conclusion respecting the papers on scientific subjects, which illustrate quite another side of Hinton's mind. In speculating on the causes of functional action, on the mechanical conditions which assist in determining growth and organic form, and in criticising Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Biology*, Hinton shows that he possessed a singularly keen and penetrating scientific vision. He fearlessly adopts and works out mechanical conceptions of life and its processes, and finds fault even with Mr. Spencer himself for retaining the old idea of "inherent tendencies." One cannot but ask what such an intellect as this would have achieved if it had not been in the main so powerfully swayed by an intense and somewhat narrowly circumscribed emotional nature. Yet until we know what is the best proportion between intellect and emotion we may gratefully welcome the appearance of so fresh and impressive a combination as we find in Hinton, and reflect that the emotion which gives its colouring to his mind and thought is worth having, even at a considerable sacrifice of intellectual comprehensiveness.

JAMES SULLY.

Corpus Inscriptionum Indicarum. Vol. I. Inscriptions of Asoka. Prepared by Alexander Cunningham, C.S.I. (Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing.)

In this stately volume the European scholar is at last provided with a complete collection of facsimiles of the most ancient inscriptions of India, and with adequate material for a critical edition of the Edicts of Asoka the Buddhist. Hitherto these strange memorials of a bygone time, records unique of their kind in the history of the world, have been accessible only in copies more or less incorrect, scattered through the numbers of the learned journals of the East, always scarce, and long since out of print. It is

matter, therefore, rather for regret than for surprise that they should have been so imperfectly understood. But now that complete copies of all the versions, as exact as the zeal and care of the learned antiquary at the head of the Archaeological Survey of India could make them, are brought together in one volume for the use of Oriental scholars, we may hope for a correct interpretation of these invaluable historical documents.

The work opens with a description, in Part i., of the localities where the inscriptions have been found, and of their present condition; and a map of Asoka's Empire, on which the names of the sites are printed in red, is added to explain the geographical references. Full quotations are then given in Part ii. of the remarks which Wilson and Prinsep contributed to the *Journals* of the Royal and Bengal Asiatic Societies on the dialectic peculiarities of the languages in which the edicts were drawn up.

In Part iii. there follows a discussion of the two alphabets that are used in the inscriptions, and which are called Ariano-Pāli and Indian Pāli—names, it may be noticed in passing, whose use can only be excused by long custom; for no Pāli text, properly so called, has yet been found in either alphabet. In the former—the Bactrian or Arian character, which runs from right to left—only one copy of the Edicts has been found, on a rock at Shāh-bāz-garhi, near Peshawur. The other (which is found in greatest perfection on the pillars at Delhi, Allahabad, and Lauriya, and was often therefore, and very appropriately, called the Lāt alphabet) runs from left to right, and was used in the centuries before and after the Christian era through the whole of India and in Ceylon. In it all the remainder of the inscriptions are written, and General Cunningham maintains that this alphabet is of indigenous growth in India, and he attempts to trace it back to pictorial representations of objects whose names began with its several letters.

General Cunningham then gives his own transliteration of the texts, and the translations of Prinsep and Wilson, adding the new versions of those which were translated by Burnouf and Dr. Bühler, and of a few of those which have been translated by Prof. Kern. It is to be regretted that he has omitted all the valuable notes of Burnouf and Kern, and that he has included so few of the versions of the Dutch professor. Admirable as the earlier translations were for the time at which they were made, they are confessedly inaccurate; and the space they occupy would have been much more usefully filled by a complete translation of Burnouf's notes, and especially of Prof. Kern's invaluable monograph.

But the beautiful facsimiles which follow will more than make up for any omissions.

"No effort has been spared," says the editor in his Preface, "to present the most perfect and authentic copy of each inscription that can now be made. The whole of the inscribed rocks and pillars, as well as the caves, have been visited either by myself or by my zealous assistant, Mr. J. D. Beglar. I have myself visited all the pillars and most of the caves, as well as the rocks of Shāh-bāz-garhi, Khālsi, Bairāt, Rupnāth, and Sahasrām; and Mr. Beglar has visited the

Dhauhi and Jaugada rocks and the Ramgarh caves in Sirguja. The original impressions have been carefully reduced under my personal superintendence by my draughtsman, Bābu Jamna Shankar Bhat, who has a very correct eye, and is now conversant with the true shapes of these ancient characters. Every doubtful letter was brought to notice and jointly scrutinised and compared with photographs and former transcripts. Every single letter of the reduced pencil-copy was then examined by myself while transcribing the different texts into Roman characters. And, lastly, the pencilled letters were all inked in by my own hand so as to ensure the requisite accuracy in the shapes of the ancient characters."

The plates now published are copies by photozincography of the Bābu's reduced copies, thus tested and corrected, of paper impressions taken by pressing damped paper into the marks on the stone. The only exceptions to this process are those of the facsimiles of the very curious rock- and cave-inscriptions from Khandagiri, which have been photozincographed from reduced drawings of large photographs of plaster casts taken by Mr. Locke. It is evident that no pains have been spared to obtain copies as correct as can be gained by mechanical processes, and without the aid of a skilled philologist acquainted with the dialects in which the inscriptions were composed. That the facsimiles differ in one or two points in almost every line from the transliterations supplied by General Cunningham in the Roman character rather confirms than otherwise the care with which they have been made.

Of the first ten and of the fourteenth of the rock inscriptions or edicts of Asoka there are now five texts, and of numbers eleven to thirteen three texts, from different rocks—the greater part of the Khāsi text, and the whole of the Jaugada text, being published in this volume for the first time. There are further two separate Asoka edicts inscribed on rocks, of each of which there are copies both at Dhauhi and Jaugada; and there are six edicts inscribed on pillars, of each of which we have five copies in as many different localities. With the two separate edicts on the Delhi Pillar and the isolated rock edict at Bairāt, there are thus in this volume twenty-five edicts of the great Buddhist emperor.

Of somewhat later date are a few others, the most important being the Dated Edict, of which there are three texts, one being very imperfect. As is well known, Dr. Bühler assigns this edict also to Asoka chiefly on the ground that Asoka and his grandson Daśaratha were the only Buddhist rulers of the period during which the Lāt characters were used who made any great efforts for Buddhism; and that, as the edicts ascribe more than thirty years to the reign of its promulgator, he cannot have been Daśaratha, as that king reigned only seven years. It is difficult to see how such an argument could have been advanced, or can be any longer supported, in the face of General Cunningham's facsimiles, from which it is clear that the reading should be *tiyāni*, "three," and not *tisāni*, "thirty" (plate xiv.). General Cunningham, after accepting in the Preface (p. ix.) the Asoka authorship of this Dated Edict, afterwards (at p. 21) discards this view and assigns it to Daśaratha, Asoka's grandson.

The curious Khandagiri inscriptions of King Aira are made much clearer by the present facsimiles, as compared with which the existing transliterations are very inadequate. The reading *vivuthe*, for instance, which has been considered of importance in connexion with the much-debated *vivutha* of the Dated Edict, turns into *tattheise* on a careful inspection of the plate. The inscriptions over the hermitages at the same place and from Magadha—in all seventeen in number—are strikingly similar in many respects to the inscriptions over the numerous cave-hermitages in Ceylon, of which I have a large number in my collection. The forms of the *Ṣ* and of some other letters in the later ones at Ramgar and Khandagiri are exactly like those used in Ceylon. I am sorry to notice, however, that these later hermits (or their patrons) were apparently growing lax in their obedience to the faith; for the caves seem no longer to have been appropriated, as was becoming, to the order in its entirety, but to individuals in particular. As the Report of the Archaeologist to the Government of Ceylon cannot be published for some time, it may be interesting to mention that the number of such inscriptions in that island can be reckoned by hundreds, and that they usually record how such and such a cave has been given by such and such a person to the order, wherever existing, and whether present or to come.

The cordial thanks of Oriental scholars are due to the Government of India and to General Cunningham for this important work, which will render possible a critical edition of these invaluable records of ancient life in Buddhist India.

T. W. REYS DAVIDS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. F. W. RUDLER, of the University College of Wales, has been appointed Curator of the Museum of Practical Geology and Registrar of the Royal School of Mines, in succession to the late Mr. Trenham Reeks.

Fishing, as an Anthropological Subject.—The last number of Prof. Mantegazza's *Archivio per l'Antropologia* opens with an elaborate paper in which Dr. Paolo Riccardi takes a comparative survey of the art of fishing as practised at different periods and by different peoples. Archaeological discoveries have made it possible to write an interesting essay on the way in which the capture of fish was effected by our prehistoric ancestors. From prehistoric implements Dr. Riccardi passes to the study of the apparatus of the fisher's craft among savages of the present day, especially among the Papuans of New Guinea. The memoir occupies eighty pages, and is illustrated with three folding plates which contain a great number of figures of hooks, harpoons, nets, and other fishing implements preserved in the Anthropological Museum at Florence. The same active and versatile anthropologist also contributes to this number of the *Archivio* some technical notes on certain cranial anomalies.

Four Lectures on Static Electric Induction. By J. E. H. Gordon, B.A., delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, 1879. (Sampson Low and Co.) Mr. Gordon's lectures on electrostatic induction have been published, as announced, and form a very small but satisfactory volume. They put before us in simple language the views propounded by Faraday, and now generally held, that induction is a state of strain in the dielectric

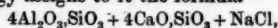
medium, and not an action at a distance. In the third lecture on specific inductive capacity, Mr. Gordon describes very fully his own experiments and the results obtained by them, which were communicated to the Royal Society last year. The last lecture gives an account of the researches of Profs. Ayrton and Perry on the specific inductive capacity of gases, in which they showed that gases differ decidedly in their capacity for transmitting inductive action, though the differences are so small that we can hardly wonder that Faraday with his enormously less sensitive apparatus failed to detect them. This lecture concludes with a popular account of Prof. Clerk Maxwell's electromagnetic theory of light. Light requires a medium for its propagation, and so does electromagnetic induction. The medium which transmits electromagnetic induction Prof. Maxwell considers to be the same as that which transmits light. Experiment and calculation have shown that in air and in vacuo the velocity of light and the velocity of electromagnetic induction are identical. According to this theory, the refractive index of a transparent dielectric substance should bear a constant relation to its specific inductive capacity; and this is found to be the case, the agreement between theory and experiment being especially close in the case of those substances whose specific inductive capacities have been most accurately determined—e.g., dense glass and paraffin.

"FRAGMENTS" are not unfrequently more instructive and suggestive than larger works, and this would seem to be the case with those which Dr. Morell has published (*Philosophical Fragments, Written during Intervals of Business*. By J. D. Morell, LL.D. Longmans). There is at least no lack of variety in the contents, which consist partly of sections in the history of philosophy, partly of more original compositions. The chapters on the history of philosophy include an account of Leibnitz and his school; a well-written *résumé* of the work of Kant, which may be confidently recommended to those who wish for a short and easy introduction to the Critical philosophy; and a lucid sketch of the different streams into which German thought diverged in continuing the results of Kant. These historical chapters are followed by a paper on the theory of human knowledge, for which, as Dr. Morell seems to deplore the want of some term corresponding to *Erkenntnislehre*, we might suggest Ferrier's *Epistemology* as no contemptible equivalent. This monograph is a well-reasoned statement of the question, How do we come to recognise an external world? and there is probably considerable truth in the writer's view that the belief in an external world is first taken up as a possible hypothesis and then verified by facts, although we rather object to have this explanation called inductive, or used to prove that "the inductive method is the proper method for metaphysical researches." But if we differ from Dr. Morell here, we are at one with him in the next of his "fragments"—three lectures on "Psychology applied to Education." Seldom have we seen the work of the teacher treated with such good sense, and based upon so well-founded philosophical principles (accumulated experiences, or "mental residua," &c.): and the whole three lectures are marked by a freshness which contrasts favourably with the papers that have recently appeared in *Mind* on the same subject. Altogether, Dr. Morell's volume is a *multum in parvo* which will be found worthy of perusal not only by young students, but by those who have advanced some way in philosophy.

THE death is announced of Edouard Spach, the conservator of the botanical collections of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. Spach distinguished himself by several works on botany of great value, especially by his great descriptive work, *Histoire naturelle des végétaux phanérogames*, and his *Illustrations plantarum orientalis*, a work in five

large quarto volumes. Berlin has also lost an eminent botanist in the person of Prof. Karl Koch.

The Presence of Chlorine in Scapolites.—A paper on this subject, by F. D. Adams, appears in the *Amer. Jour. Sc.*, 1879, xvii., 315. He shows that in 1843 Dr. Shafhäutl published an analysis of "porzellanspath," an altered ekebergite; it was first made a distinct species by Fuchs, who in his Mineralogy assigns to it the formula



which requires 7.83 per cent. of chlorine; he does not support this formula with an analysis. Shafhäutl fused the mineral with barium carbonate, and found 0.924 per cent. of chlorine in it. Adams, who has analysed some specimens of scapolite from the township of Ripon, Quebec, found sulphuric acid as well as chlorine. The results of these analyses are given below:—

Chlorine . . .	2.485	2.276	2.411
Sulphuric acid .	0.823	0.770	0.796

A number of specimens, fourteen in all, were next examined, and in each case chlorine was met with; in some of them the amount present was very small. They were tested by heating some of the finely pulverised mineral to whiteness in a platinum crucible, the flame being slanted so as not to heat the upper portion of the crucible more than necessary. The sublimate obtained on the cover was dissolved in water and the usual tests applied. When the mineral contains only a small amount of chlorine it cannot be detected with certainty by igniting the mineral, but it is easily found by Rose's test, which consists in decomposing the mineral in the cold by hydrofluoric acid in the presence of weak nitric acid. The calcium fluoride is filtered off, and the chlorine determined in the filtrate by precipitation with silver nitrate. It is possible, in some cases at least, that the failure of scapolite to give a good formula may be due to the fact that sufficient alkali to combine with the undetermined chlorine present has not been deducted before attempting to deduce the formula.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, May 29.)

E. FRESHFIELD, Esq., in the Chair. Mr. Penrose read a paper on some of the remains of Old St. Paul's Cathedral which have recently been discovered. The axis of the present building inclines more to the north-east than that of the original church, the north transept of which projected considerably further than the present one. Some of the foundations of the old transept have been found, with a pilaster of Inigo Jones' work. The site of the cross is now determined to have been due north of the old east end, and within the wall of the present cathedral. The foundations were destroyed in the process of rebuilding the cathedral, in consequence of a pit which rendered the foundation of the north wall of the chancel unsafe; but sufficient portions of the work of Bishop Thomas Kempe, who rebuilt the cross in 1470, have been turned up to identify its position. The cross was taken down in 1642, and therefore does not appear in Hollar's views. Mr. Penrose also referred to the Shrolds, which were galleries between the buttresses on the south side, and to the Jesus chapel, which was at the extreme east. He was of opinion that St. Faith's chapel was not, as supposed, a crypt, but that its floor was only slightly underground. He had found no indications among the old foundations at the west end of the existence of western towers.

FINE ART.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY AND ITS RECENT ACQUISITIONS.

THE National Portrait Gallery, which reopened after extensive alterations on Whit Monday, for the benefit of the holiday-makers, is one of the pleasantest and most instructive of our national exhibitions. To walk through its galleries is like

turning over the pages of an interesting biographical work, stopping here and there as some forcible personality arrests our attention. If painters only considered how much they gained by painting portraits of men whom posterity was likely to remember, it is to be feared that the numerous unknown lords and ladies on whom their skill is mostly bestowed would stand but poor chance of perpetuation. For, notwithstanding all our education in art, it is extremely difficult to appreciate the portrait of an utterly uninteresting individual, however finely painted; whereas the poorest portrait of a great man, so long as it is faithful, becomes memorable. This is strongly felt at the National Portrait Gallery, where our interest, it must be owned, is mainly of an historical or biographical character, though there are of course many works there that attract us by the supreme skill and power of the artist, independently of the subject he has represented.

The recent additions to this delightful collection, which has grown so rapidly from its small beginnings in George Street to its present importance, consist chiefly of a number of portraits of British notabilities that formerly hung above the cases of birds and beasts in the Natural History Department of the British Museum, where few people noticed their existence, and where an amount of dirt was allowed to accumulate upon them that effectually hid their merits even from those who did bestow regard upon them. This house-dirt has now been carefully cleaned off, and the pictures hung together in a large room, lighted from the top, which has been added for this purpose to the Gallery; for, through some difficulty regarding the various bequests by which these pictures were acquired by the Museum, they cannot yet be incorporated with the rest of the collection or subjected to the chronological classification which has been strictly carried out elsewhere. Besides the British Museum portraits there are also a large number of legal worthies who have been presented by Serjeant's Inn, and who make an imposing show on the opposite side of the room in their flowing scarlet robes, though these robes, it must be said, are sadly out of harmony with the deep-red tone of the walls. Few among these latter portraits have any general interest, but among the British Museum acquisitions are some of high artistic as well as historical value. Foremost may be mentioned a very striking portrait of Cranmer by a German artist—Gerlach Fliccius—whose name is not to be found in our art-dictionaries, but who would seem to have been in England at the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, and to have been a good artist, for every part of this remarkable work is most carefully painted. The accessories especially are rendered with minute detail, as, for instance, a ring worn by the Archbishop, on which his family arms and the initials T. C. are clearly seen. The painter's name is signed in the upper left-hand corner, and the age of Cranmer is stated as fifty-seven, which would make the portrait to have been painted in 1546, a year before the death of Henry VIII., when Cranmer was at the height of his power.

Another archbishop, the learned Irish prelate Ussher, who fainted when he witnessed the execution of Charles I. from the roof of Lady Peterborough's house at Charing Cross, also appears on the same wall, together with Dr. Turner, Bishop of Ely, one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower for their protest against the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II. in 1688. An excellent replica of Walker's celebrated portrait of Oliver Cromwell and his page, of which the original is in the Earl of Spencer's collection; another of Cromwell, enlarged from Cooper's splendid miniature; a portrait of John Speed, the chronicler and antiquary; of Algernon Sidney, and of the two Sir Harry Vanes (the elder and the younger), illustrate the Commonwealth period; while that following is illustrated by portraits of Charles II. (by Greenhill), James Duke of Mon-

mouth, the Countess de Gramont—better known as "La belle Hamilton," who appears here as a somewhat coarse and full-blown matron, painted by Lely—Sir Kenelm Digby; the Duchess of Portsmouth; Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and Richard Baxter, the Non-conformist divine. Several of these latter portraits do not belong to the British Museum, but are recent acquisitions by purchase and bequest, which have been placed for the present in the same room. Coming to the Queen Anne and Georgian eras we notice Jervas's well-known portrait of Pope and Martha Blount, in which the poet looks as if he were tumbling out of his big chair; Raeburn's manly portrait of Francis Horner; Matthew Prior, arrayed in red dressing-gown and velvet cap; Sir Isaac Newton, by Vanderbank; St. Evremont, with a huge wen on the bridge of his nose; Ludovick Muggleton, founder of the Muggletonians; Thomas Britton, the "small-coal man," whose musical parties at Clerkenwell were attended by the rank and fashion of his day, and who is capably portrayed by Wollaston; John Ray, the naturalist; and George Vertue, the engraver, and collector of Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*. All these and many more of great interest belong to the new additions to the gallery, and are all that call for especial notice; but, although of earlier acquisition, one cannot pass by without regard such a splendid portrait as that of Sir Thomas Gresham, by Sir Antonio Moro, in the first room, one of the finest examples of that painter; the clever characteristic portrait of Lord Lovat, by Hogarth, somewhat deteriorated by time, but still a wonderful work; of Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher and author of *Leviathan*, represented at the age of eighty-one, by Michael Wright, Court painter to Charles II., who is seen in this portrait to have been an artist of high excellence, for we have here a work full of life and character. It would seem to have been slightly retouched about the eyelids, but is otherwise free from restoration and in an excellent state of preservation. Another Wright—namely, that powerful master known as Wright of Derby—gives us his own portrait, delightful for its pure tone. It is said to have been painted at Rome, and was presented to the Gallery by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. Of other English painters of the end of the last and the beginning of the present century there is a good selection, as also of the authors of the same time, among whom we find, of course, Sir Walter Scott, who must have had a hard time of it sitting for portraits; S. T. Coleridge, Robert Southey, John Keats, Thomas Campbell, Robert Burns, and Charles Lamb at the age of twenty-nine, painted by William Hazlitt, who by no means deserves to be classed, as Cunningham classes him, with "the lowest of the low in painting," for this work, at all events, is very fairly painted (far better than one in the same gallery by his brother, John Hazlitt, who was a professional painter), and is of great interest as representing the genial Elia at an earlier age than that at which he is usually known to us. The picture belonged to Coleridge, and passed from him into the possession of his friend Mr. Gilman. Pencil-sketches of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, executed for the faithful Joseph Cottle by Hancock, are placed underneath. Numerous other works of equal interest might be enumerated, but space prevents; besides, every man who is interested in the history of his country ought to study this collection for himself. Unfortunately the old catalogue is out of print, and only a provisional one, giving merely names and date of bequest, has at present been issued; but one is now being prepared by the learned keeper of the collection, Mr. George Scharf, which cannot fail, under his superintendence, to prove a valuable and instructive work.

MARY M. HEATON.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS BY OLD MASTERS.

THE ACADEMY has briefly informed its readers of the opening of the Exhibition of Drawings by Old Masters of all schools, organised at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. I now send you some details of this enterprise, which has met with every kind of success. It was formed in aid of the fund raised for the purpose of relieving the pupils of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts from military service; and will bring in, including entrance-money and the profits on the sale of the catalogue, which has already reached a second edition, more than 20,000 francs. It has met with a most generous reception from the artistic and political press. It has awakened a considerable amount of curiosity and diffused much instruction among artists and society generally; and, finally, it has revealed a fact which before appeared improbable, that in France, as for some time past has been the case in England, the public can be induced to attend in the evening. The rooms were illuminated by the Jablochhoff light.

Several years ago, on the occasion of the Exhibition in the rooms of the Corps Législatif in aid of the population of Alsace and Lorraine, I expressed a wish in the ACADEMY that amateurs should avail themselves of this occasion to lay the foundation of an international association which should render possible the organisation of exhibitions of objects of art, sometimes at London and sometimes at Paris. But those events which had spread death and conflagration broadcast through Paris were still too recent. The exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery—at all events the last—have shown that French amateurs have no objection to sending the works in their possession to London. It is this fact which suggested to M. Charles Ephrussi the idea of requesting Messrs. Malcolm and Mitchell, M. Beckerath, of Vienna, Signor Castellani, and other foreigners, to contribute to the present exhibition, which these amateurs have most gracefully done.

Some of the attributions by Mr. Robinson in the catalogue of this collection are open to discussion; but the works themselves, as a rule, are excellent. M. Ephrussi is a young Russian who first made himself known in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* as the author of some excellent works on the German school, and more especially on the drawings of Albert Dürer. He is so honourably known that it is needless for me to say more. His assistant in this very complicated and fatiguing enterprise is M. Gustave Dreyfus, the possessor of a remarkable collection of bronzes, marbles, and terra-cottas of the Italian Renaissance. He is also an accomplished gentleman, who has promised to publish at a future time a *catalogue raisonné* of his superb collection of medals, medallions, and *plaquettes*.

The chief contributors are the Duc d'Aumale, whose collection was formed in part by M. Reiset, ex-director of the National Collection of the Louvre; M. Edmond de Goncourt, who, with the assistance of his brother, Jules, wrote some important works on French art in the eighteenth century; M. de Chennevières, who was thirty years ago, with MM. Paul Mantz and A. de Montaiglon, one of the founders of the *Archives de l'Art Français*, the first Review devoted to the former glories of our school; MM. Armand, architect; Dutuit, a retired merchant and wealthy amateur; Dumesnil, author; Gatteaux, sculptor and member of the Institute (over ninety years of age); Gigoux, painter of the romantic school; the brother of Emile Galichon, formerly editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*; M. Risler; and, lastly, the present writer. There are about 680 drawings, *lavis* or *pastels*, belonging to the following nationalities: Italy (the Florentine, Roman, Umbrian, Lombard, and Venetian schools), Germany (the schools of Nuremberg and Zürich), Flanders, Holland, France, and England.

I may observe, in passing, that the English school is represented by two Sir Joshuas—a portrait, in profile, of Lady Catesby, dated 1780, and a female bust, a very elegant drawing bought at

the sale of the painter Diaz by the widow of Col. Chartras; and by a work of R. Cosway, the property of the Duc d'Aumale, representing the Duc de Chartres, afterwards King Louis-Philippe, with his two brothers and his sister, the latter playing on the harp. Should this enterprise, so useful for purposes of general instruction, be repeated, English amateurs should regard it as a point of honour to make us acquainted with their school as a whole.

I cannot enter into details with regard to foreign schools. I should but too often repeat what has been well said in the ACADEMY in past years with reference to the exhibitions of the Grosvenor Gallery. I feel, moreover, a considerable distrust on the subject of ancient drawings. It always appears to me that only a very small proportion of authentic ones—such, for example, as those which have passed through the collections of amateurs of indisputable scientific knowledge and taste, like Mariette—can exist.

The renown of the Italian masters, more particularly, led their pupils to copy them during their lifetime as much as possible, and after their death induced forgers to busy themselves in producing a species of merchandise over which uncritical amateurs have disputed and still dispute among themselves. Zanetti, in the middle of the eighteenth century, writes to one of his friends at Florence:—

" . . . I am not unaware that it is very difficult at present to find drawings of value. . . . It is equally necessary to examine one's purchases with the eye of a lynx, since I have sometimes seen among fifty drawings only one original. Your excellent taste will easily put you on your guard against those who praise to the skies a work worth two sous, and who will attest it with a thousand oaths to be the production of Titian, Correggio, or Raphael. . . . "

In fact, these exhibitions provoke criticism; and if the lender is not always convinced and satisfied, at least the curious in such matters are accustomed to decide by the comparative method alone.

Raphael, considering the traditional *éclat* attached to his name, is but poorly represented here. The fragments of a cartoon, with children of almost life-size at play, are the most typical contribution from his hand. Lionardo is more adequately represented by some exquisite sketches, and by a cartoon of a nude half-length figure of a young woman, with her arms crossed, which strongly recalls the celebrated type of the *Jocunda*.

But the chief point of interest for the majority of visitors—because, until recently, criticism had not dealt with them in any adequate degree—is the early works of the schools of the North of Italy, simple and earnest in design, rude but significant in expression, of a sober and somewhat barbarous elegance; the works of Donatello, Signorelli, Verrocchio, Mantegna, Vittore Carpaccio. . . . I do not here speak of my individual taste—which, indeed, is the same—but of the taste of persons belonging to different classes, with whom I have repeatedly spoken. In fine, among the Old Masters it is the earlier ones, Lionardo, Dürer, and Rembrandt, who carry all before them. It is everywhere believed that if a naturalistic master, gifted with a strong will and great taste, should appear in our school at the present day, he would have on his side the mass of artists, who are drifting without guidance, and the mass of the public, who are drifting likewise without emotion.

Thanks to the special care of M. Charles Ephrussi, Albert Dürer is represented by twenty-seven works. Dr. Thausing must be overjoyed. A seraph with outspread wings, dated 1497, which has been engraved in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*; a fortress in the Tyrolean mountains; a water-colour of the Château de Trente, executed in 1505; and several portraits hitherto unknown, among others that of Hieronymus, architect of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi at Venice, are especially remarkable. But I must confine myself to these details. The catalogue, which is carefully com-

piled, indicates the size of each drawing, the names of the collections to which it has belonged and that of its present possessor, the works for which it may have been employed, and the engravings which have been made of it. All these drawings are to be reproduced by the Braun process; and, moreover, two articles, profusely illustrated, will be published on the subject—that in *L'Art* by M. Georges Berger, that in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* by M. Ph. de Chennevières.

The greater part of the French school has been supplied by M. Edmond de Goncourt, and in this case also I refer those amateurs who are unable to visit Paris to the photographs published by Braun some two or three years since, and which I described in a special article in the ACADEMY. The Société des Promenades Artistiques, Scientifiques et Industrielles has requested me to deliver two lectures on the French Masters, and I have been enabled to convince myself how little they were known and how much they were appreciated. I have frequently remarked, in my letters, on the contempt in which our school was held by great amateurs and by the directors of our national museums, whose aesthetic prejudices were all on the side of the Italian schools, and whose financial speculations were concerned with the Dutch and Flemish schools. In spite of the rich legacy bequeathed to France by M. Lacaze, it is still difficult to gather at the Louvre an accurate idea of the power, the genius, and the grace of our painters of the eighteenth century. In the matter of drawings the case is much worse; we have drawings of the seventeenth century by Poussin, Claude le Lorrain, Le Sueur, and even a few by Watteau, but the rest have been completely neglected. And yet French art of this epoch can no more be comprehended in its entirety while the vignettists are excluded than English art since the end of the last century if the caricaturists be omitted. Set aside Gravelot—who, by the way, spent twenty years in England—Cochin, Eisen, Saint-Aubin, Marillier, and Moreau, and the chasm is as deep as that caused by the absence of Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Gillray. Every nation has its peculiar genius, and should never be ashamed of it. I believe that in a few years' time so deep a silence will prevail about the works of certain contemporary historical painters that they would gladly—from the point of view of renown—exchange places with Cruikshank or Leech. During our eighteenth century how much useless painting was lavished on huge canvases, while our vignettists, bending over their tables, depicted with finely-pointed pencil or well-cut pen the scenes inspired by their study of the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, La Fontaine, or Richardson. At the present day these books are eagerly sought after, because they are ornamented with vignettes in which the costumes, the details, the manners, the virtues, the vices, the amusements of the social life of the past are reflected as faithfully as in so many tiny mirrors.

These engravings were known to the multitude, but by whom had it been taught to respect their designers? It rather deemed them of spontaneous growth, and great was its surprise at discovering that Moreau, Marillier, Saint-Aubin, Eisen, Cochin, and Gravelot, worked after nature, with infinite taste and patience, and that their studies equalled those of foreign masters whose praise was perpetually dinning in its ears.

Watteau is represented by some most interesting drawings. Boucher, that great decorator, might easily have appeared to more advantage. He might be reserved for a future occasion, as well as La Tour, one of the greatest portrait-painters of all schools. Prudhon, whose work was collected here some years since, is splendidly represented, thanks to the care of the Duc d'Aumale.

In fine, this exhibition is a sign of the times, and a great success. PH. BURTY.

THE SALON OF 1879.

(Third Notice.)

THE number of scenes from military life and incidents of the Franco-Prussian war seems less this year than usual. Berne-Bellecour, in *Sur le Terrain*, gives us a sufficiently lifelike representation of two young recruits about to cross swords for the first time under the eye of the regimental fencing-master, while their comrades look lazily out from the windows above; and M. Aublet depicts *Le Lavabo des Réservistes*, who are busy getting as much of soap and water as they can, standing, in close rank, to right and left of one of those long covered tanks which one generally sees crowded with washerwomen in French provincial towns; the effect is not, however, very pictorial, and the scene is hardly treated with sufficient humour to interest us in its drollery. M. Dupray is in this respect more successful with *Un Capitaliste*—a soldier who is the fortunate owner of a purse which is not empty, and the pockets of which are curiously examined not only by himself, but by two impecunious companions, standing outside a *café* which invites to billiards and absinthe. Among the scenes from the late war, the works by Médard, Castellani, and Detaillé are the most important; Maigret has an empty-looking canvas; and many of the remainder are so poor in point of execution that the interest which they evidently excite (as, for instance, *Bazeille*, by M. Pallière) must be wholly due to the pathetic nature of the subject, and the mournful memories which it stirs in the spectator. The *Défense de Champigny par la Division Faron—Décembre 1870*, on the other hand, has been rendered by Detaillé with more attention to pictorial effect than usual, and the different groups are carefully arranged as they hurry from the *château*—standing grey among the leafless trees of the background—and bring anything they can lay hold of which will serve for purposes of defence, or rush across the foreground and trample under foot the bell-glasses and frames with which the careful gardener had hoped to protect his young plants from a very different enemy. A central point of interest both for subject and picture has been found, it should be noticed, in the great gate which breaks the long line of wall running across the scene, and up to the house from the left. The name of M. de Neuville, the painter of the *Défense du Bourget*—which is certainly the capital work hitherto inspired by the events of 1870—is absent from the list of this year's exhibitors, and it is curious that neither he nor anyone else has ventured, in depicting these events, on the heroic scale, which at the beginning of the century was considered the only scale that befitted the treatment of such themes as these. The painters of *les grandes machines* have, to a man, eschewed subjects which were fruitful in the hands of Gros and Carle Vernet.

Back to the days, though, of the First Empire we seem to return as we read the Christian names of M. Diogène-Ulysse-Napoléon Maillart, and these are all the more suggestive as we find that his vast work, *Le Jugement de Paris*, takes us certainly to the days of Guérin and Girodet. Yet I am told, what I can hardly believe—for his picture looks eighty years old at least—that M. Maillart is a recent *prix de Rome*. Venus, who appears in clouds in the centre, is a terrible blot, but the figures of Paris and Mercury on the right are poetical in character and charming in colour; there are pretty purple harmonies, too, in the draperies of Minerva, who marches off to the left firmly and well, showing an unexaggerated, unforced indifference to youthful folly, which simply seems of no account in the serene eyes of her Olympian wisdom. If we want a contrast to this curious young old-fashioned piece of work, we have but to turn to M. Richter, whose *Frank se démaquant* hangs in the same room, and who has provided us with a sufficiently strong dose of modern melodrama. The unfaithful mistress writhes about with fine theatrical effect, her orange-

coloured hair flaming against the black coverings of the empty bier, as the man, whom she supposed dead, lifts the cowl of his monk's habit, and, coming suddenly on her, makes his hit with "Va-t'en, prostituée." M. Richter's work seems so sure, the art of the whole is so effective in its display of admirable command of means, and this art seems so unworthily applied, that one is much inclined to apostrophise his talent in the words employed by the injured Frank to the woman who betrayed him. In point of size, Doré carries off the palm with *La Mort d'Orphée*, which, in spite of its coarse exaggerations, is a curiously inconspicuous work, its chief feature being, indeed, that it has the entire side of one of the largest rooms to itself. But Comerre's *Lion Amoureux* and Roll's *Fête de Silène* are noticeable for something like force and originality of aspect. The girls who, tumbling and laughing, swing like a living chain round the old Silenus mounted on his goat are full of life; and the picture would probably look both effective and appropriate on the walls of a handsome restaurant.

Some of those men who have most distinguished themselves previously in work on a great scale send only small paintings. Henri Lévy contributes a *Jésus au Mont d'Oliviers*, which suggests recent studies of Rembrandt, and is wholly impersonal in character; while of the two works by Benjamin Constant, the smaller, *Les Favorites de l'Emir*, is the most remarkable, not only in point of size, but, I think, in point of execution also. In *Les Favorites de l'Emir* M. Constant shows us the corner only of a hall of immense height; the immediate foreground is brightly divided between the deep crimson of an Eastern carpet and the tile-work of white and blue which borders a circular pool of water on the right; then begins the shadow, in which we see a long black divan, embroidered in gold, running nearly across the picture; in the middle, the emir is seated: the red and orange which bind his head relieve it from the deep blue of the wall behind; high overhead swings a lamp, just in front of the line of arabesque pattern carried across the wall near the top. At the extreme left, below, stands an attendant negro bearing an enormous palm-leaf fan; he is accompanied by two other slaves, who have brought in a couple of tiger cubs, and watch curiously, as their master permits, with a slow smile, the fawning caresses of his "favourites." While M. Constant seizes on the physical brutality of Oriental despotism, M. Hébert dwells on a poetic dream of the Sultana—rose-clad, gold-embroidered, and bejewelled with turquoise of uncertain hue—a half-length, seated in deep shadow, which suggests the ideal mystery of harem seclusion, and, at the same time, affords him occasion for the display of a remarkable *tour de force*, for the Sultana is as fair, as excellently fair, looming out of this thick darkness, as if she were seen in all the blanching brilliance of broad daylight.

To the harem, also, Ricardo de Madrazo has turned for a subject; his motto, *Le Dernier Regard*, prepares us for sentiment, and his picture looks like satire. Yet, perhaps, after all, the fat double-chinned lady, in a bundle of clothes of many colours, and generally kaleidoscopic surroundings, who is taking "a last look" through her closed lattice, is a truer picture of the result of harem life than the blonde Sultana of M. Hébert's dream. A more happy example of *le fortunisme* is presented in Casanova's *Le Mariage d'un Prince*. In the centre of a magnificent palace hall, the prince and princess, bride and bridegroom, advance, daintily stepping—beneath the uplifted arms of the dancers—on white marble strewn with flowers. Behind them, right and left, are noble columns, between which are seen the musicians playing in a gallery, which looks down upon the hall, and is lit by windows thrown open to the blue sky; there are tones of crimson about this gallery, against which the bridal white of the central group is detached, but the wide walls on either side show varying shades of rose, and upon this background quiver

the butterfly groups of Court ladies, who, seated on either side, and attended by eager courtiers, are coquetting and grimacing with infinite variety of pretty affectation in pose and gesture. In all this there is, of course, abuse of the means by which the eye may be attracted and excited; but there is one thing to be said for the Italo-Spanish school, and that is that they at least *seem* to revive, with the costume of the period which they are pleased to represent, its spirit, its physiognomy, and its atmosphere. The character and air of their men and women are not the character and air of to-day; their actors have individuality, and that, too, of another epoch than ours, and it is the realisation of its peculiarities, the telling facts about it, which cannot be told in any other way, that justifies the depiction of past manners and life. To render the spirit and the physiognomy of another age, to create its atmosphere, a man must, in a degree, cease to feel the character of his own time. There is a painting by M. Villa, called *Jeune Femme tressant une Couronne*, which is a charming study of warm tones of orange and red with rose-embroidery seen against green, grey, and blue, but the head of the figure is modern: the painter has chosen to illustrate an epoch of which he has not the true sentiment, and his real interest in the types which breathe and move about him has forced him to send his subject masquerading.

Now, M. Gérôme's pupil Albert Edelfeldt, who paints *Le Village incendié; Episode de la Révolte des Paysans finlandais, en 1593*, has at least the merit of making us feel that we are where we have never been before. In the far distance—beyond the glittering snows—a mere spot of flame on the horizon, burns the condemned village: lance in hand, their work of ruin accomplished, the destroyers mount their horses and depart. But—the avenger is on the path; one houseless family is seen niched in a hollow of the foreground. The daughter peers anxiously to see the way the troop will take, and the stalwart father makes ready the bolt on his bow. The vivid dyes of their peasant clothes detach themselves harshly on the vast white field, and as a picture the work does not exist, but the execution is frank, the painting of the thick-lying snow, full of sparkling light, is a marvel of imitation, and the aspect of the scene has, in its northern savagery, a simple natural air, as of having really happened. It is worth while noting how much these young men, born under other skies, retain of their nationality even when subjected to the insidious influences and training of Paris ateliers. Chelmonski, in all that concerns practice, is learning every year, yet he retains to the full the freshness of the impressions which he received in earlier days. The two works which he produces this year, *Un Attelage* and *Une Scène au Marché (Ukraine)*, show distinct progress. The drawing of movement is remarkable—sometimes, as in *Un Attelage*, it seems inexplicably violent—but the amount of dashing about at the market is sufficiently accounted for. The white horses, led away to the front, plunge angrily among their dark companions, as behind them a heavily-laden cart, painted scarlet, rattles off, drawn by many horses and escorted by a noble hound, his powerful limbs stretched at full speed as he races at the side. The market is not far from the coast; for behind the dark moving mass of men and horses there are startling lights on points of sand-hills, glaring, as only light on sand-hills near the sea will glare, until the grey rocks on the road to the right shut them from sight. But if M. Chelmonski has not forgotten Warsaw, M. Salmson even in Picardy remembers Stockholm. Some work of his, and some by M. Hagborg, I noticed, at the International Exhibition last year, as giving more promise than most of that exhibited in the Swedish section. M. Hagborg exhibits this year *Grande Marée dans la Manche*, a subject treated with great freshness, but a little empty for its size, which is much the same impression that I got from last year's work.

M. Salmson has, however, made decided advance; his little girl *Dans les Champs*, sitting in a grassy cleared space with the high grass behind in which we see the flowers from which she has been gathering the bouquet in her hand, is noticeable for delicacy of taste and work. *Une Arrestation en Picardie*, M. Salmson's second contribution, is also remarkably firmly painted, and the story well told. In the centre, the virago accuser, with her back to us, pours forth a volley of statements and abuse to the portly *gendarme*, who lends an attentive ear as he lays hold of his prisoner, a pretty fair creature, guilty of some sad crime, for, to the left, her mother turns her face in a helpless agony of grief to the wall—away from the street full of gossips, one of whom, a not unkindly but interested-looking woman, is offering information to a second representative of authority, who, a little at the back to the right, stands tranquilly taking notes.

Among the studies of peasant subjects by French painters there is a picture by M. Boudier called *Arnodou an hiviz (l'Épreuve de la Fontaine)*, which, in spite of certain shortcomings, is very noteworthy, because M. Boudier makes you feel that the figures are really part of the nature in which they live. It is, it seems, the custom in Lower Brittany to lay upon the water of a consecrated spring the shift of the newborn child, in order to divine the future which awaits him. The grandmother, in M. Boudier's picture, kneels bending forward to touch the water with the linen in her hand, while behind in grave anxiety stand the young mother and her sister. The mass is solid and well defined, the tone very good, and the sentiment has a perfect sincerity which makes the work directly attractive. In a second example, *Le Village de Tremalo, Finistère*, weaknesses of execution are more apparent, or perhaps it is that a piece of pure landscape gives M. Boudier no chance of showing his special power of depicting human life as one with that of the surrounding earth and sky. Something of the same excellence, tempered by quicker observation and less sentiment, is to be observed in M. Trayer's treatment of the group of mothers in *Les Pêcheuses de Tréport attendant la Basse Mer*; and M. Julien Dupré's *Le Regain* has excellent qualities, although the muddy hue of the pink worn by the central figure makes a weak spot just where something very fresh and clear is required, for all the neighbouring passages, and notably the landscape background, are solid and strong.

Work of an exactly opposite order is to be found in M. Bastien-Lepage's *Saison d'Octobre*, personified by potato-gatherers, picking the roots from the fresh-turned earth under iron-grey skies. Here we have a want of decision in establishing the relative distances, which causes the flat impression of an empty canvas, and prevents a great variety of exquisite delicacies and refinements from telling with due effect. The enormous increase of value given to work simply by everything being in its proper place is well exemplified in M. Guillaumet's *Laghouat: Sahara algérien*. M. Guillaumet never attracts us by sentiment: at least, that is, by human sentiment; he always seems to see life as still-life—human beings are so many objects which enable him to mark out the different stages of his scene; but looked at from this point of view, it is with ever fresh admiration that we realise the masterly accuracy and force with which he strikes the note he wills in exactly proportioned strength.

It is a long way from Guillaumet to De Jonghe, and we get to a very different order of subjects, but De Jonghe also treats his figures as still-life; he is, however, far from possessing that exact decision and certainty of attack which should make his tones vibrate. *L'Indiscrète*, dressed in black and white, is seen on the point of opening the doors of a black and gold lacquer cabinet; the background is yellow, and on the top of the cabinet is perched a blue-green monster, which

should be of porcelain, but—is of anything you please. The net result of the work—in despite of its evidence and air of brilliant talent—is a little flat and uncertain; one is tempted to say "Do hit a little harder; be a little franker—that is, if you can." It is, indeed, entirely owing to its conveying the impression that everything is exactly where it should, and is intended to be, that Mrs. Jopling's little picture, *Cela aurait pu être*, maintains itself firmly, and that, too, in very trying neighbourhood—for it hangs not far from the beautiful tones of Henner's *Eglogue*, and very near to a remarkable portrait by Mlle. Nélie Jacquemart—yet not only is the excellence of Mrs. Jopling's imitative painting noticeable, but the head of her model looks well constructed, and has the further merit that it *thinks*. E. F. S. PATTISON.

ART SALES.

THOUGH there have been many Art Sales this season of more or less interest to the professional picture-buyer, there have been hardly more than two of very pronounced interest for the amateur, and one of these was certainly that of last Friday and Saturday, when the English and other pictures collected during many years by Mr. J. H. Anderdon, the veteran collector of Upper Grosvenor Street, came into the auction-room in King Street. Of the late Mr. Anderdon's many possessions which were sold under the hammer last week the most engaging were the series of portraits by George Romney, the two or three notable examples of John Crome, one very pleasant little landscape by Gainsborough, two or three very potent examples of Constable, and the dainty little Morlands, of which there were many, and for the most part, though small, in the best style of that thoroughly English artist. On the whole the prices fetched marked, we conceive, a notable decline. There were, of course, exceptions, but on the whole the bad times would seem to have been not without effect on even very pleasant specimens of most characteristic English masters. But, perhaps, the explanation is to be sought in the fact that the moment has hardly yet come for the general appreciation of vivid and sketchy work. Mr. Anderdon's collection was that of a veritable amateur, far more heedful of art quality and merit than of degree of finish. His collection bore no kind of resemblance to that of the more pretentious purchasers of sensation pictures—persons suddenly enriched by recent trade—and accordingly his treasures, which taken as a whole represented so well to the true amateur the simple English masters of another generation of whom he was fondest, appealed not so very convincingly to the purses of Manchester.

Early in the sale occurred some Old Masters' pictures, and many attributed to great names. It would be a mistake to say that they included no good work, but assuredly there was but little of the highest work among them. The sale became worthy of careful chronicle chiefly when the more important English pictures began. *Cromer Sands*, a small but excellent example of William Collins, sold for 155 gs. By Constable, after a sketch of little importance, there followed a still sketchy and rapid but extremely powerful and characteristic picture of a brook and meadow-land in showery weather: wind passing through willows. This picture fell to Mr. Agnew's bid of 119 gs. A small design of *Barnes Common* by the same master sold for only 36 gs., but it was not of high merit. There came next a very favourite subject of Constable's, *A Lock on the Stour*—a view of his favourite Suffolk country, near Flatford Mill—it passed into the hands of Mr. Agnew for the sum of 80 gs. For 95 gs. there fell to a private purchaser the picture of *Malvern Hall, Warwickshire*—the house, it is said, of General Lewis, a friend of the painter. This was a design in which Constable had most successfully grappled with the difficulty of treating picturesquely a flattish, park-

like pleasure-ground and a substantial, but by no means beautiful, country-house. By John Sell Cotman there was a *Sea View*, exhibited at Burlington House in 1868, but not really representing the master at his best. It was sold, however, for 165 gs. (Agnew). A little landscape in oils by David Cox—a breezy, grey picture of open country—sold for 83 gs. (Curwen). Coming to the Cromes, we find, after one or two insignificant examples, a very noble, largely-treated picture of an *Old Mill on the Yare*, from the collection of Dawson Turner, the well-known antiquary, who was the friend of Crome and Cotman and of minor artists also of the Norwich school. This solemn and impressive design of a stream winding through dark marsh lands under a sunset sky, and the windmill rising black against the clear air, fetched but 115 gs. A much more elaborately-finished specimen of the master—a great tree-picture, *The Skirts of the Forest*, admired at Burlington House in 1872—fell to Mr. Graves's bid of 185 gs.; while to Mr. Whitehead was knocked down for 180 gs. a *View on Mousehold Heath*, in theme somewhat recalling the pictures in the National Gallery—a picture, indeed, of brilliant quality, and painted, like our greater *Mousehold Heath*, with a pre-occupation to render, not objects or forms, but air and space. Among the Gainsboroughs only one had considerable importance, and that was allowed to fall to the bid of 36 gs. (Philpot). It was not a great landscape, but it was certainly an engaging and highly artistic example of his earlier time—the time of our *Great Cornard* picture in the National Gallery, or very shortly after it. It had not only the more detailed work but the silvery tone of his earlier landscapes, and it represented, moreover, the country in which he first became a landscape-painter. Many designs by Hilton, and some few by Hogarth, followed the Gainsboroughs in the sale; but we pass to the Morlands and the Romneys.

There were no great Morlands of admitted fame, such as some of those so admirably expressed in mezzotint by Raphael Smith and his fellows, whose art of large loose touch and indefinite outline was so perfectly fitted to reproduce the qualities of Morland's work. But there were many happy little examples—especially of landscape proper—executed, we should assume, in Morland's best days, when his work was very direct from Nature, which nevertheless he saw with eyes that had been influenced by the reticent fidelity of certain of the Dutch masters of landscape. In the sale of Saturday we note particularly *A Farmer carrying Pigs to Market*, 105 gs. (Agnew); *A Landscape*, with two figures crossing a rustic bridge, 32 gs. (Smith); the *Aged Horse*, exhibited at Leeds in 1868—an admirably faithful and picturesque study of an old white horse alone in the stable—17½ gs.; *A Coast Scene*, with fishermen and boats, 70 gs. (Whitehead); *A Landscape*, with stage-coach and figures and animals, 40 gs.; and a *Snow Scene*, with shaggy brown horses, doing their best to career through the snowfall, 27 gs. Again, there was an excellent little *Landscape*, of sandy rocks and a high road, 25 gs.; and a figure of *A Girl seated with a dove*, 54 gs. (Whitehead); and, lastly, *Anglers*, a little landscape of pointed veracity and charm, 21 gs. (Maclean). Among two or three works of W. J. Müller we need only note one—a meadowy *Landscape*, with old willows and sheep—the whole softer and grayer than is often Müller's wont, and, as we deem it, more attractive than usual, 155 gs. (Martin Colnaghi). By Sir J. Reynolds there was hardly anything notable. Perhaps the best piece, though one already sadly ruined as to colour, was an excessively graceful design, a *Study of a Female Head*, inspired by the greater masters of Italy. In its present condition it was not judged worthy of a higher price than 20 gs.

With his Romneys Mr. Anderdon had been particularly rich in those seductive portraits of youthful women in which Romney excelled. Some

were very slight, and, though most showed the quality of the agreeable master, there were few which did not also exhibit his generally obvious defects. Not to speak of the slightest or least significant examples, we begin with the highest-priced Romney in the sale, and certainly the picture which best united the graces which Romney controlled. This was the portrait of *Mrs. Tickell*, a very sweet design of the head of a woman under straw hat and feathers—which fell to Mr. Agnew's bid of 800 gs. The colour was agreeable, and less hot than is often the case in Romney's canvases. The face was not much modelled, though the picture had evidently reached completion; but there was displayed that feeling for pleasant form which with George Romney, as, indeed, with many of his contemporaries, had to be accepted as a substitute for accurate knowledge and for certainty of hand. The picture of the pretty head and shoulders of *Mrs. Thornhill* seen from behind—a coquettishly posed figure in grey-red jacket *décolletée* at the back of the neck—passed for 320 gs. into the hands of Mr. Vokins. Mr. Burton bought for the National Gallery the next picture, *The Parson's Daughter*, a demure damsel, painted with some completeness. The sum of 360 gs. was paid by him under the hammer for this picture. For 62 gs. there fell a *Head of Miranda*, presumably that of Lady Hamilton; and for 105 gs. Mr. Hogarth became the possessor of a fascinating portrait stated to be that of *Mrs. Crouch*, the actress, with the chestnut hair, open mouth and gleaming teeth dear to Romney and familiar to all who have made any observation of his art. Mr. Agnew paid 250 gs. for a lifelike portrait stated to be that of *Madame de Genlis*, but which, it has been elsewhere suggested, may as possibly have been the portrait of her daughter. For 130 gs. Mr. Cox purchased the grave and pleasant portrait of *Mrs. Trimmer*, and for 65 gs. there fell the daintily-featured portrait of the lady somewhat miscalled the *Haughty Dame*. *Mrs. Robinson as Perdita*—a successful and characteristic example of the painter's work—sold for 380 gs. (Martin Colnaghi); and for 325 gs. there fell to Mr. Graves a picture of *Lady Hamilton as Ariadne* which did not form any part of the possessions of Mr. Anderson of Upper Grosvenor Street, but had wisely been sent to the auctioneers for sale at a moment when the admirers of George Romney were sure to muster in very considerable force. The remaining pictures of the sale do not call for detailed record.

ALMOST the only print sale of importance advertised for the present month is that of the late Mr. Benoni White, the print-seller, who died some time ago, and left at least one notable picture to the National Gallery. His print sale—or at least that part of it already announced—consists for the most part of line engravings: many of them of the English school, including the line-engravings after Turner—reproductions of Turner's work from which the more sought-for work of the *Liber Studiorum* is necessarily excluded. A sale of modern etchings comes on later in the month: this will be at Messrs. Sotheby's: while the larger sale of Mr. Benoni White's stock takes place at Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods'.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

WE are glad to announce that General di Cesnola has been chosen Director-General (with, we hope, a good deal of autocratic power) of the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The General's Cyprian collection as good as made the Museum, and planted the standard of classical archaeology in the remote gardens of the West. General di Cesnola purposes to publish a thorough and copiously illustrated catalogue of the treasures which he excavated. This work may partly console Europe for the loss of an admirable and, indeed, unique collection, which is certain to be most scientifically arranged by the discoverer. Though

we may lament that Lord Beaconsfield, while he acquired Cyprus, neglected to purchase its ancient spoils, we can hardly grudge so useful a possession to a country in which archaeology is still very young, and needs a good deal of encouragement.

MR. MARKS, of Long Ditton, has sent us a further portion of the series of views of Old London which he has been for some little time past engaged in issuing. We have in England no poet like Méryon, to record for us, with the accuracy of a surveyor and the sentiment of an artist, the aspects of the town that is passing away, and so we needs must find sufficient the skill of the photographer with his mechanical appliances. Mr. Dixon, of 112 Albany Street, is here the photographer, and his photographs—often taken under difficulties, with interruptions of traffic, insufficient light, and narrowness of space—areas good as photographs can be. That is, they are as good as photographs can be which devote themselves to an effect of *ensemble*. We all know that when concentrated on architectural work of detail the photographer has his best chance. Now these photographs before us aim at recording buildings, and not bits of buildings. Quaint are the places they portray. In the present set there are two views of Canonbury Tower—the best that is left of the Canonbury House, we hear, of the days of Elizabeth. There are several views of Barnard's Inn—the property of a corporation of solicitors which has existed for more than four hundred years. The quaint paved court with its poverty-stricken trees is surrounded by buildings which, even in this their decay, have a tranquillity of beauty and simple appropriateness. Aldersgate Street is photographed, or rather two of the most curious of its houses. Lastly, we have Christ's Hospital—the characteristic architecture of our latest Stuarts and earliest Georges. We have every sympathy with the society that is instrumental in giving us these records, and much appreciation of the skilled photographer. At the same time, we cannot withhold from ourselves our regret that no skilled engraver should have arisen to do justice in England to that which has waxed old since the days and art of Hollar.

WE have received from Mr. Robert Dunthorne, of Vigo Street, M. Mongin's clever etching after Glindoni's not less clever picture *Friends or Foes*, representing an encounter on Hounslow Heath, where a gentleman and lady, dismounted from their coach, are received with ceremonious politeness by two men, one of whom conceals behind his person a weapon of offence. M. Mongin is one of the few living etchers who have shown their capacity to execute *genre* pieces. He excels in expression and in sharpness and finish of gesture. Translating Glindoni, he is addressing himself to a task not quite as important as that of translating Meissonier; but Mr. Dunthorne has sufficient reason to congratulate himself upon the success with which the etcher engaged on the work has transferred into black-and-white the expression and theme of the painter. Mr. Dunthorne has likewise sent to us M. Rajon's etching after a dramatic and pathetic group—*Les Emigrés*—by J. D. Linton, a painter who, while very much a master of fine pictorial effects of colour and light, is now also almost habitually preoccupied with the seizure and record of incident. The four figures of the *émigrés* in the picturesque interior in which the artist has placed them are rendered with delicate perception of character as well as with executive skill. M. Rajon makes an etching at once dainty and decorative. It is among the best of the many things he has lately set himself to do.

It is proposed to hold an Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition in London during May and June 1880.

LORD ILCHESTER'S picture of the well-known *Procession of Queen Elizabeth to Hunsdon House* turns out to be the original that was engraved by Virtue. The duplicate picture in the possession of Mr. T. O. W. Digby, of Sherborne Castle, had been

credited by a great authority with being Virtue's original; but the Dujardin heliogravure of his print lately made for the New Shakspeare Society for Mr. Furnivall's new edition of Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses* (in dress, morals, &c.), 1583-95, has led to enquiries on the subject; and while Lord Ilchester says that in his picture the Queen's right hand is shown bare in front of her corset, and the bride's feet appear under her dress, both exactly as in Virtue's print, Mr. Digby reports that in his picture the Queen's right hand is hidden under the drapery of her dress, and the bride's (Miss Anne Russell's) feet are not shown under her gown; so that Virtue must have worked from Lord Ilchester's picture. It would be of the greatest interest to Elizabethan students to see the two pictures hung side by side, and we trust their owners and the Royal Academy will manage the matter at the next exhibition of Old Masters.

WE learn from Olympia that the workmen are beginning to find the long-sought-for heroic figures said to have flanked the Apollo. An arm has been found exactly corresponding to Pausanias' description of the Theseus throwing his axe. Pieces of drapery belonging to the pediment statues have also been discovered, on which the colours are excellently preserved.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Standard*—writing under his initial "G."—has suggested the desirability of getting together at a suitable place an exhibition of the works of the early water-colour painter, John Cope, who no doubt had a considerable influence on the early practice of Turner, and whose works, assuredly, for their own sake, are worthy of being better known than at present by the general public.

IN a little *cabaret* at Lille, known as the "Cabaret du roi de Prusse," there has hung for many years a dirty oil-painting which the proprietor refused to have cleaned though repeatedly requested to do so. He has, however, at length yielded to some Lille artists, and the picture has been cleaned, and proves to be a splendid portrait of Frederick the Great, ascribed to Van Cuypp. The king is represented on horseback surveying a regiment drawn up in line of battle. The town of Lille has offered the innkeeper a considerable sum for the picture, which he has, however, refused.

THE veteran German architect, Gottfried Semper, died recently in Rome at the age of seventy-five. One of the first works by which he achieved reputation was the building of the old Royal Theatre in Dresden, and, strange to say, when that edifice was burnt down in 1869, he was called upon to rebuild it, for all the German architects who were invited to send in designs declined to do so, considering that the honour of the undertaking was due to Semper alone, although he had at that time been for some years in exile. He undertook the task, however, and the present handsome theatre was built from his design and under his superintendence. Lately his health has obliged him to give up all active work, and he has lived in the South, chiefly at Venice and Rome.

IT is pleasant to see our colonies interesting themselves in the art education of their growing populations. In the *Canadian Monthly* for May we notice a very sensible article called "Art Education: a Plea for the Artisan," by L. R. O'Brien, who designates himself as "Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists." We were not before aware of this society; but are glad to be informed of it, and wish it every success. In the same number also occurs a gracefully written and instructive article on "Greek Ornamental Art," by Mrs. Francis Rye, who, perhaps, is a member of this same Ontario society, which would seem to be doing good practical work in advocating the establishment in Canada of Art Schools like those of the States. Some on a small scale, we learn, have been already started "by

a few persons called enthusiasts," and many teachers are trying to introduce drawing into the common schools; but much still remains to be done, and it is suggested that the matter should receive serious attention from those "who are desirous of advancing the material interests and elevating the aims of the Canadian people."

AN illustrated catalogue of the Salon, after the manner of Mr. H. Blackburn's useful *Academy* and *Grosvenor Notes*, has been issued this year for the first time in France.

THE article of most interest in the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* this month is a pleasant sketch by Hermann Billing of the early life of our naturalised English artist, Alma Tadema. Beside this, Herr von Fabriczy concludes his somewhat dry history of art under the Hohenstaufen rule, and a short notice is accorded to the Neveu collection of pictures by Old Masters which we have before mentioned as having been sold a short time ago at Cologne. Dr. Alfred Woltmann also bestows a sharp critical notice upon Holbein's latest biographer, M. Paul Mantz, who might, one would think, have been allowed to escape, as he does not profess to hold any original views or to have made any new contributions to the mass of knowledge that Dr. Woltmann has brought to bear upon the subject.

At the sale of the art collection of Count Pourtales-Gorgier, of Neuchâtel, held in Paris a few days ago, strenuous endeavours were made to win back for their original homes some of his valuable specimens of the Old Swiss glass-painting of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The effort failed in most cases. The most coveted pieces consisted of the "Wappen" of different cantons and cities. Among others were the arms of Geneva, dated 1540; the arms of the city of Bern united with the arms of the Empire, supported by a lion and a bear carrying banners, and dated 1608, the work of "R. Lando, citizen and glass-painter of Bern;" the arms of the Canton of Aargau, dated 1608; of the City of Luzern, 1607, and of Baldeinstein, undated. R. Lando's painting was obtained for Bern, but the others fell into the hands of foreign collectors.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, on the 26th ult., Dr. Pearson made the following remarks on the table of distances given in Holinshed's description of England, ed. 1577:—

"Many years ago, in opening Leland's *Itinerary*, composed about the year 1540, the writer found the distance from Cambridge to St. Neots given as 12 miles, it being actually 17. This led him to think that old English miles were longer than the present statute mile: and on consulting Holinshed a few months back, he found that all the distances given by that author differ from the modern measurement nearly in the same proportion. It is not easy to account for the discrepancy between the actual measured distances and the popular reckoning. Ogilvy, in 1675, recognises it; and without actually referring to Holinshed, specifies the difference between the two modes of estimating the distance from London to Berwick at one-third more than the old measure. Holinshed gives in his edition of 1577 a specimen measure of half an English foot, differing from the present statute measure by only the tenth of an inch: and adds a table of length identical with our own. He also gives another mode of reckoning a mile, by the turns of a waggon wheel, which would make a mile less than 1,700 yards. A Scotch mile is 1,978 yards, an Irish mile 2,240; and a common English mile of the sixteenth century must have been at least as long as the latter; but there is no trace of the English perch having ever been like the Irish one, seven yards instead of five and a-half. Possibly the explanation may be this. A league of three miles may have (theoretically) represented an hour's walk. But as a man will generally make four miles in an hour, the popular estimation of considerable distances would underrate them in the proportion of four to three, which will answer very nearly to the acknowledged discrepancy in the recorded results."

The Esthetics of Photography. By William Heighway. (Piper and Carter.) The best bit of advice which Mr. Heighway, in the little book before us, offers to photographers who desire to make their pictures something more than mere mechanical results is to be modest and not to attempt too much. It cannot be denied for a moment that there are among the higher class of photographers men who have real artistic feeling, and are capable of imparting this artistic feeling into their work, any more than it must needs be admitted that many fail to produce satisfactory camera pictures for the simple reason that they are too ambitious. What photography can do, and what photography cannot do, are matters that should be perfectly understood by those who attempt to paint pictures by sunshine. The effect of light and shade, the study of "character" in a face, are both subjects for profitable study, for instance, by the photographer, who frequently wastes much time in striving after results which are altogether out of reach. The study of art in photography should only be undertaken after every mechanical difficulty has been overcome; but some of our workers with the camera have unfortunately not seen the necessity for this. The late Mr. O. G. Rejlander, than whom a more capable artist in light-sketching did not exist, marred much of his good work by imperfect technical skill. But he afforded a rare example of what could be done with the camera if the latter fell into the hands of an art student. Mr. H. P. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells, a gold medallist of the Paris Exhibition—to whom, by the way, the author dedicates his little work—is another photographer who has shown how greatly attention to art principles improves photographic work. We could point to others—their number may be but small—who have of late years won for camera pictures a title to be considered fine-art productions, and who prove how much a study of those principles which Mr. Heighway urges upon photographers must in the end benefit their results. We cannot convey a better notion of the author's work than by quoting his views on the subject of "character," which he tells us every individual portrait should possess. In what such "character," pictorially speaking, consists, the photographer must find out for himself.

"It may be a turn of the head, a smile, a glance of the eye, an arching of the brows, or a sweet pensiveness of expression; whatever it may be, find it out and seize upon it. Then you please yourself in having made a portrait."

THE STAGE.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

THE visit to England of the entire company of the Comédie Française is an incident which is not likely to be forgotten either by English audiences or by the historiographers who record the acts of that illustrious society. More than one cause contributed to give to the opening night an impressive character. The event is, in the first place not only unique, but likely, if certain signs may be trusted, long to remain unique in the history of the famous body of players who preserve with constant solicitude and reverential care the traditions of bygone efforts of the scene, and who in their own persons represent the authority of their immortal master and his disciples, transmitted, if we may be allowed that expression, by regular "imposition of hands" down to these days. There was something, moreover, in the recollections which this visit must necessarily awaken in the minds of M. Got and his leading associates which could not fail to have its influence upon the spirit of the memorable gathering on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre revealed at the rising of the curtain on Monday evening. It was not merely that the first approaches to a precedent for this appearance of the company so far away from their traditional

home in the Rue Richelieu happened to be made in the darkest hour of the calamities and distresses which, mainly through the folly and wickedness of rulers, had fallen upon a great and gallant nation. The associations with those evil days were indeed something more than merely incidental; for the horrors of the siege and the crowning calamity of civil strife unprecedented in its bitter hatreds and its furious spirit of destruction were the direct cause of the circumstance that for the first time in their history these disciples of a peaceful art—suddenly reduced, as it were, to the condition of strolling-players—were sent forth into the world wanderers and outcasts from the city which had delighted to do them honour. The cordial welcome afforded to the important section of the company which made its appearance here at that time—more than eight years ago—in a series of comedies both of the classic and the modern repertory furnished the young poet Aicard with the best passages in the Prologue—otherwise somewhat wanting in appropriate dignity and simplicity of style and matter—which had been written for the occasion, and which was spoken by M. Got in the name and as the "doyen" and representative of the Comédie Française.

That the opening performances should be chosen from the works of Molière, and that the selection should consist of *Le Misanthrope*, the most famous of his comedies, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, which presents in a manner eminently characteristic the humour of the poet in its more robust and boisterous form, was a decision hardly within the domain of free choice. As originally settled, this arrangement accordingly exhausted the details of the play-bill; but if we may trust the professional gossips and purveyors of news from the Green-rooms, difficulties arose with M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt regarding the date and the form of her first appearance before an English audience; and hence, as we must almost of necessity infer, the interpolation almost at the last moment of the second act of the *Phedre* of Racine midway between these two pieces. The apparent desire of M^{me}. Bernhardt to take a part in the inaugural performances was certainly natural enough; and if her *début* was to be no longer postponed it was almost certain that she would prefer to present herself in the most striking of those tragic impersonations which have at once demonstrated the all-comprehensive range of her gifts and acquisitions, and raised her to the highest rank in the difficult art to which her genius is devoted. There is a spirit and enthusiasm, a buoyant tone, and a height of well assured expectation in the very atmosphere of an assemblage of that exceptional kind which are never to be observed in like degree on less memorable occasions. But an actress of such great and exceptional powers as M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt could well afford to dispense with a share in the intoxicating influences of an inaugural night; and I cannot but think that while the administration would have shown only a due regard for their high standard of duty if they had declined to imitate the devices of the organisers of charitable benefit performances, the actress herself would have exhibited more respect for her reputation, and for the art identified with her name if she had refrained from exhibiting an eagerness for public favour by choosing to appear, *faute de mieux*, in a mere fragment of a play.

There is something even humiliating for her admirers in the thought that M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt could be found inviting the English public to come to see her in this or that famous outburst of passion, with a premium as it were offered to the idle sight-seer or debilitated pursuer of a new sensation, in the shape of an undertaking to come at once to the famous feature, and thus spare him the fatigue of preliminary attention to the very conditions of the scene to be enacted. But so it was. That fragmentary performances of this kind rarely produce any strong impression is well known. The reason is obvious; for, though the memory of the spectator may furnish

what is missing, it cannot supply the cumulative force of the impressions created by their representation in association with the scene to which they must form either the introduction or the sequel. That the genius of the actress nevertheless enabled her to achieve a triumph cannot be denied. She was somewhat wanting in that perfect self-possession and full command over all her resources which she has since displayed; but her tragic style—curious for its foundation of simple truth, its almost idyllic tenderness, its far removal from the ideal grandeur and severe nobility of manner which in the abstract seem inseparable from the weird creations of the Pagan poets—was at least made manifest; her power exhibited in those marvellous contrasts, those wonderfully quick indications of transient moods of mind, and that cumulative inspiration of pity and terror, and final climax of wild despair, which in this scene exercise so strange an influence over the imagination of the spectators. This is not the imposing heroine of classic tragedy, who, a prey to superstitious dread, yet pursues to the end a guilty love; but a woman frail and delicate of frame, and of tender sensitive nature, who is horror-stricken in the presence of the influences that stir the passionate depths of her soul and hurry her onward to destruction. The sympathetic feeling of the spectator identifies itself for the moment with her fond pleading accents; till suddenly startled by the painful exclamation,

"Je m'égare,

Seigneur; ma folle ardeur malgré moi se déclare!"

while Phèdre is seen shrinking half senseless from the gaze of Hippolyte in a gust of passionate feeling that recalls the wild utterances of Fatima:—

"Lo, falling from my constant mind,
Lo, parched and withered, deaf and blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind."

Several times during such displays of powerful reaction M^{me}. Bernhardt adopted the movement of clinging to the nurse, Oenone, with a passionate and almost frantic embrace that was piteously indicative of the consciousness of lack of power unaided to resist evil impulses such as have been known to hurry men of a certain temperament to gaze down into giddy depths till finally they precipitate themselves into the abyss.

Those who on the following evening witnessed M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt's performance of her original character of Mrs. Clarkson in M. Dumas's comedy *L'Etrangère* had at least an opportunity of marking the wide limits both of her art and of the means wherewith she is by nature endowed. The character of the American adventuress who insults and plots against the domestic peace of the unoffending Duchess de Septmonts, and who confesses the deliberate malignity of her soul with an odious frankness, is not one which can by any possibility win the sympathy of the spectator, even to that qualified degree in which it is sometimes permitted to the wicked personages of a play to inspire pity and regret. Nor is it less wanting in fundamental truth. The triumphs of the actress here are consequently of a more purely artistic kind, and the pleasure which the performance yields must be set down mainly to an intellectual satisfaction in the varied power which it displays. The cold self-love of the woman, her cruel indifference to pain inflicted on others as the price of her own personal triumphs, her own enjoyment of the luxury of exercising command in that very society which would fain shut its doors against her, are indicated by the employment of arts and resources often almost too subtle to be detected in detail—though in their total effect complete. It would be a curious and a worthy study—though it is one that would require more close and careful observation than is possible in any single sitting—if the spectator would set himself resolutely to take account of the whole secret of that power which enables M^{me}. Bernhardt in this part to go through the almost interminable relation of the story of her past history without

for a moment suffering the interest and curiosity of her audience to abate. Of course the object here to be striven after is variety of some kind—an avoidance of the uniformity which is by nature's law distressing alike to the ear and the mind of the listener. But what variety? To bluster here, and to be mild and moderate there; to rave at one moment, and at another to sink into hushed accents of meek resignation—what is more easy? But the obtrusiveness of such devices is in itself an offence; their constant interchange with an obvious purpose is not less fatiguing than a simply level delivery—as by painful experience of the graceless elocution and empirical methods of our stage, we have all too often perceived. That in such cases the most delicate changes of voice, gesture, manner, attitude, of which the listener is capable of taking cognisance are sufficient to destroy monotony, is a principle not discovered by M^{me}. Bernhardt; it is part and parcel of the canons of the school—the precious inheritance from the cultivation and practice of the past which only those actors who are foolishly wise in their own conceit believe themselves able to despise. But between the knowledge of the principle and the possession both of the means and the art of employing the means, there is a wide distance, and it is herein that in the case of M^{me}. Bernhardt's delivery the secret must chiefly be found. It is worth noting how much she effects in this scene by so simple an act as that of rising from the chair and leaning, while confronting the audience, with her back to the table. But even details so little obtrusive as these are sparingly employed. They serve to mark, so to speak, not a sentence or a paragraph, but a whole division of the discourse. The minor changes lie partly in slight acts and movements, partly in the use of gesture and expression of feature, ever varying with the force and sentiment of the dialogue, yet always controlled with a watchful regard (both by sober use of what is significant and by the elimination of everything that has no appropriate significance) to what, for lack of a better term, may be called the principle of economy of the spectator's attention. But overruling all this is the actress's sense of proportion and harmony: her care to treat the scene as a whole, which is a thing not in nature but wholly in art; for there is no law of the intellect or of the passions of the soul which renders it probable that a person under excitement should so distribute and control displays of feeling as to avoid anti-climax or wearying reiteration of gestures, or, indeed, that he should shape his utterances with the least regard to their final effect. The voice, it need hardly be said, is the most effective, as it is certainly the most subtle instrument to these ends. M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt's beautiful voice seems capable of almost every variety of shade appropriate either to light and tender, or passionate and pathetic utterances; but her method of employing this great gift implies more patient study and practice under the guidance of true artistic instincts than is perhaps suspected by most listeners.

The absence of this fine appreciation of the value of proportioned effort was, perhaps, the more striking in the case of M^{lle}. Croizette's famous scene in the fourth act of the same comedy than it would have been but for the immediate presence of an example of art so highly finished in this direction. This is the scene in which the outraged lady refuses with scorn and indignation the tardy admiration of her own husband, through whose selfish neglect and cruel indifference her affections have become irrecoverably alienated. There is power of a high order in this scene which more than once moved the spectators visibly, and the genuine truth of the situation in the midst of a somewhat artificial story was brought out by the actress in passages which in themselves left little to be desired; yet for want of that quality of proportion the parts were as it were at war with each other, till finally an effort to renew the excitement

of the scene after its natural climax was passed proved fatal to the desired effect. The merit of Coquelin's highly finished portrait of the mean, cynical, and selfish man of title, to whom love of rank and position has induced a wealthy citizen to unite his unhappy daughter, has long ago received due recognition. The grave tenderness of M. Mounet-Sully has a fine effect in the part of Gérard. M. Got's original character is played with careful art by Garraud. M^{me}. Madeline Brohan retains her character of the Marchioness. M. Febvre's performance of the part of the American Clarkson might be studied to great advantage by dramatic aspirants for its admirable self-possession and careful avoidance of the manifold temptations which this personage offers to caricature. It is easy to be moderate; but not so easy in moderation to indicate power, and this always within the just limits of the character to be portrayed. This is what M. Febvre accomplishes without apparent effort. The capacity to enjoy this unobtrusive but fine piece of acting might well afford a test of cultivated taste for entertainments of the stage.

I have left little space to speak of the representation of *Le Misanthrope*, which was indeed not specially noteworthy. The distribution of parts is greatly different from that which was seen at our Opéra Comique when M. Got and his "co-mates and brothers in exile" represented this comedy here in 1871. It represents a revised distribution which took place at a comparatively recent date, when M. Delaunay, forsaking his old specialty of passionate lovers, ventured for the first time upon what are technically known as *les grands premiers rôles*. In all important particulars the cast is the now settled and received cast at the Comédie Française; but the representation was decidedly weaker, as a whole, than that referred to. M. Bressant was not perhaps an ideally perfect representative of Alceste, but he avoided the error of exaggerating the harsh abruptness of his utterances. M. Delaunay, on the other hand, as if nervously anxious lest the seductive arts which he has long been wont to employ with such excellent effect in parts of a different complexion should consort ill with the character of the Misanthrope, scolds and snarls so heartily, and with so much persistence, that his subsequent display of tenderness, though excellent in itself, seems to do a ludicrous sort of violence to the spectator's expectations. Nor can much, unfortunately, be said in praise of M^{lle}. Croizette's Célimène. Her cold and apathetic tone and manner are, it is true, not in their nature inconsistent with the character of a cynical coquette; but coquetry, however cynical, implies some effort to fascinate either by charm of manner or vivacity of mind. Célimène is credited even with the power to enchant a hater of man and woman kind, and is even the object of the worship of several gay and gallant admirers. The secret of all this fascination was certainly not made obvious by the actress.

The representation of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* on Monday was probably enjoyed even by spectators without much sympathy with the boisterous humour of this old piece for the sake of its merits as a representative specimen both of the old farces of the classic repertory and of the traditional mode of representing them. The acting of the brothers Coquelin as the two valets was rich in force and appropriate humour. The old "business" of the piece, as it is called in the language of our players, also possesses some interest. The deliberate stripping of the numerous waistcoats worn by the disgraced and exposed Jodelet dates, I believe, from the days of Molière; and is a comic incident that has been copied and re-copied on many a stage and in many a circus and booth in a fair, to the great delight of simple-minded spectators. It is worth observing, however, that it has here no tinge of mere buffoonery; for what could indicate more humorously the brutish nature of the lout than his senselessly intemperate indulgence in the new-found delights of

gay clothing? What could mark with droller emphasis his complete downfall and humiliation than his having to go through the ceremony of slowly and reluctantly divesting himself of those superfluous garments? MOY THOMAS.

THE current number of the *Theatre* contains two excellent portraits of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt executed in permanent photography. One represents her in the magnificent costume worn by her in the character of Maria of Neuborg in Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*; the other presents her in her studio in male working costume, standing, chisel in hand, beside a bust on which she appears to have been working. Articles by Mr. Frederick Hawkins, Mr. Edward Rose, and other writers upon the Comédie Française, together with many papers of interest on stage matters, appear in the same number.

MUSIC.

JOHAN SVENDSEN, whose symphony in D (Op. 4), was the most important novelty at the concert of Mme. Viard-Louis on Thursday, is the first Norwegian composer whose works have met with appreciation beyond the confines of the northern peninsula. The ability of Svendsen is undeniable, but his growing reputation is partly the result of artistic friendships and connexions formed in foreign lands. His octett for strings has been frequently heard here at chamber concerts, and the symphony presented on the occasion referred to contains sufficient merit to warrant its introduction to a London audience. There is a certain commonplace brusqueness in the principal theme of the opening movement, and the plan of the finale is vague and ill-defined. The thematic development of both these movements cannot be spoken of in terms of admiration. But there is much that is charming in the *Andante*, with its continuous flow of purely melodic phrases; and the *Allegretto Scherzando*, though crude in structure, is not without individuality of character. The symphony is of course an early composition, and as such is both creditable and interesting. Mr. Joseph Halberstadt's *Dramatic Overture* in E minor is a very musicianly work. It is skilfully constructed, and the composer evinces a knowledge of effect, not only in the working of his materials, but in the orchestral colouring, which is full and rich. The name of Ferdinand Ries is well known to musicians, but more familiarly as the pupil and friend of Beethoven than as a composer. Ries wrote many works; but as he lacked the power of individual utterance, his music has failed to attain a lasting value in the estimation of the public. For example, the pianoforte concerto in C sharp minor played by Mme. Viard-Louis on Thursday calls for approval merely by reason of the fluency and effectiveness of the solo part. The themes and the accompaniments are wholly without interest, and the concerto cannot be placed even on the same level as those of Hummel. It was excellently played, however, and the applause which followed the performance was a well-earned tribute to the skill of the executant. M. Saint-Saëns rendered one of Bach's organ-fugues in G minor with admirable clearness and precision; and the audience seemed greatly to relish the grim but unpleasant humour of the French composer's *Danse Macabre* for orchestra. Not the least enjoyable feature of this very interesting concert was the splendid singing of Mr. Ludwig. The bass voice of this artist is of the finest quality, and it is well under control. Whether on the stage or in the concert-room, Mr. Ludwig would seem to have a very high position within his grasp. The last concert of the season—for the joint benefit of Mme. Viard-Louis and Mr. Weist Hill—will be given on June 18, when Bizet's overture *Patrie*, a pianoforte concerto by Oscar Raif, and Spohr's symphony *Die Weihe der Töne*, will be included in the programme.

SINCE her re-appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mme. Christine Nilsson has only as yet played two of her most prominent characters—Marguerite in *Faust*, and Elsa in *Lohengrin*. The faults of her embodiment of Wagner's heroine are less observable than they were. There appears a greater disposition to realise the author's conception and to sink the individuality of the *prima donna*. The change is not complete, but in so far as it extends it merits approving notice. The best feature of the present cast at Her Majesty's Theatre is, however, the Ortrud of Mdle. Tremelli. This character, so frequently and foolishly termed thankless and unsympathetic, served to display forcibly the dramatic powers of Titiens, and in the hands of Mdle. Tremelli it again assumes its due importance in the tragedy. The magnificent tones of the singer's lower register aid greatly in producing the desired effect, but not more so than the unexpected intensity which she throws into her acting of the part. Signor Campanini has neither improved nor deteriorated as *Lohengrin*. His fine voice is of service to him in his rendering of the part, but the impersonation is deficient in the qualities of manliness and dignity. Familiarity does not reconcile us to Sir Michael Costa's treatment of Wagner's opera. The performance of Friday week was not only cold and perfunctory, but the errors made by the chorus and orchestra were by no means few in number. A conductor who sympathises with his task is necessary for the adequate realisation of such a work as *Lohengrin*. The performance of *Rigoletto* on Saturday served for the *début* of M. Roudil, a baritone with a very fine voice, in the title-rôle.

At Covent Garden there has been nothing worthy of notice. Massenet's interesting opera *Le Roi de Lahore* will be the next novelty.

MR. EBENEZER PROUT's dramatic cantata *Hereward* was produced on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall with every sign of unqualified success. Our detailed criticism of the work must be postponed until next week, but it may be mentioned here that *Hereward* was received with the utmost enthusiasm by a large audience, including many eminent musicians. Of the soloists, Miss Marian Williams and Mr. Frederic King were, perhaps, the most successful, but Mrs. Osgood, Miss Mary Davies, and Mr. Barton McGuckin also sang exceedingly well, and the choruses were splendidly rendered by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association. The conductor received an ovation at the conclusion of the performance.

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